

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

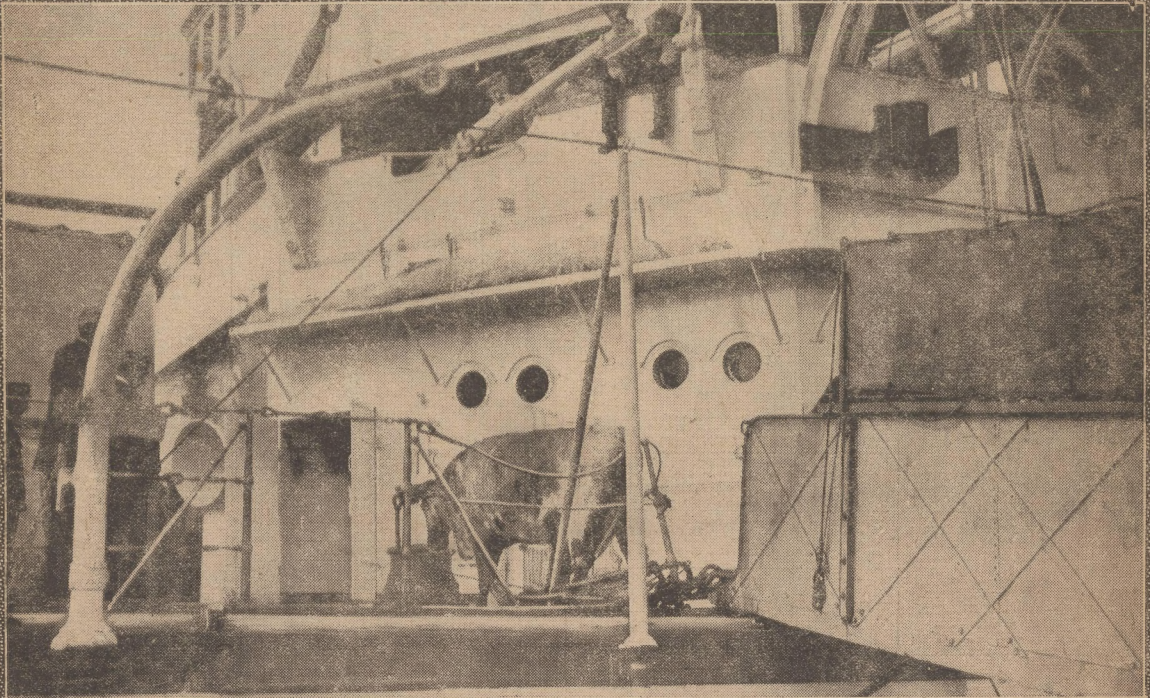
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One Halfpenny.

DAIRY COW PASSENGER ON THE ROYAL BATTLESHIP YACHT



Battleships do not usually carry cows, but in the case of H.M.S. Renown, in which the Prince and Princess of Wales will go to India, a complete dairy has been installed. One of the last things to be done was the embarking of the cow, which is seen grazing on the upper deck. The Renown is now on her way to Genoa, where she will be joined by the Prince and Princess about the 20th of October.

LADY ISABEL WILSON DEAD.



Lady Isabel Wilson, sister of the Duke of Roxburghe, and wife of Mr. Guy Wilson, who died yesterday, at the age of twenty-six, at Pocklington, Yorkshire.—(Bassano.)

MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT'S ROYAL RECEPTION IN JAPAN.



Miss Alice Roosevelt, daughter of President Roosevelt, has been making a ceremonious tour in the Far East. She has been termed the American Princess, and has met with enthusiastic receptions everywhere. The photograph shows Miss Roosevelt and Secretary Taft (with hat off) arriving at Yokohama.

ANOTHER REVERSE.

Hottentots Capture a Camp,
Inflicting Heavy Casualties.

NO NATIVE LOSS.

War That Has Cost £20,000,000
and Shows No Sign of Ending.

The German arms have encountered another serious reverse in South-West Africa.

Two Hottentot chiefs named Marengo and Marris have stormed and taken a German camp. The severe fighting which preceded this disaster resulted in the death of one lieutenant, five soldiers, and a farmer, while eight men were wounded.

According to Laffan, the Hottentots sustained no loss whatever.

COST £20,000,000.

It is estimated that this little war in South-West Africa has already cost Germany 1,450 lives and at least £20,000,000.

Each fresh disaster seems to raise up new and implacable enemies among the warlike Hereros.

Not a month ago a chief named Witbooi succeeded in cutting up a German convoy and capturing over one hundred wagons and a great store of arms and ammunition.

Even Witbooi is not a more deadly enemy to the Germans than the successful chiefs Marengo and Marris, whose enmity is due to a long-protected experience of German brutality.

MILITANT HOTTENTOTS.

CAPE TOWN, Thursday.—An official dispatch to the Cape Colonial Government from Upington, states that the Hottentot chiefs Marengo and Marris have captured Jerusalem Camp, between Warmbad and Scuitdrift, after severe fighting.

Lieutenant Surmand, five men, and a farmer were killed and eight men were wounded. The Hottentots who suffered no losses captured all the stock and stores. Several Germans who were taken prisoners and disarmed returned to General von Trotha with a letter from Marengo, stating that the Hottentots were now in a position to take the offensive, and would fight to the bitter end. Two store-keepers were made prisoners and their stock was taken.

The garrison at Kliplaats, consisting of fifteen men, hearing that Marengo was in the vicinity, burned their stores and retired to Descondomdam. Eighty Transvaalers passed Klipdam for Haasuur yesterday to be armed.

Father Polopensky has been arrested and handcuffed and sent to Keetmanshoop, owing to his failure to negotiate with Marengo.

The garrison of Nkaas has been strengthened by 900 men and a battery of artillery.—Reuter.

GREAT BRITAIN'S "OFFER."

M. Delcasse Denies That He Inspired the
Story of 100,000 Men To Fight Germany.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Thursday.—The revelations in the "Matin" regarding Great Britain's alleged offer to land 100,000 troops in Schleswig-Holstein in the event of Germany making an attack on France is still causing a sensation here.

M. Delcasse has found himself obliged to disavow the inspiration of the revelations both in a letter to the "Figaro" and in an interview with the "Echo de Paris." To the latter, referring to the charge that he had kept silence when the authorship was attributed to him, he said: "I have been blamed for not being a chatterer. And to think that I should have chosen this occasion to do violence to my sense of discretion."

M. Jaures, the Socialist leader, still expresses his firm belief in the reality of Great Britain's offer, and says the Tory Ministry played the rôle of tempter with M. Delcasse.

In many quarters in Germany the story of the offer is believed in, and an explanation from Mr. Balfour is demanded.

NO GOOD TO BOERS.

PRETORIA, Thursday.—The Boer Committee of Investigation on German South-West Africa have reported "it spells ruin to emigrate to German territory," notwithstanding the tempting offers repeatedly made by German officials.—Laffan.

Americans and Colonial Visitors

Well Satisfied with Oxford.

SLANG A DIFFICULTY.

The gray old "quads" and courts of the Oxford colleges were yesterday welcoming their new batches of "freshers" for the 'Varsity year. The majority of these are English public school boys, but here and there one notes little crowds standing or strolling together of a very different type.

These are the Rhodes Scholars, who have gathered from the ends of the world, but especially from the United States. They are easily recognised by a certain determined, business-like air, very different from the cheery insouciance of the British schoolboy. They may also be known by their head-gear, which differs very widely from the 'Varsity fashions.

In the case of the American scholars may be noted certain little buttons worn in cap, coat, or waistcoat.

Yesterday a prominent last year's Rhodes Scholar, who hails from the United States, gave his impressions to the *Daily Mirror*.

"I am very fond of Oxford," he said. "At first it seemed all strange, but the men at my college soon made me at home and comfortable. In fact, they have treated us in the same way that they treat their fellow-countrymen. What I particularly like about Oxford is the system of games."

AMERICAN ATHLETICS.

"Out in America, if you are an athlete you can be nothing else. Here you can work and play. Everyone has time for games without devoting himself body and soul to them."

"These little buttons you see us wearing are the badges of the Greek letter fraternities, which exist in all the American universities. For instance, there are the alpha, delta, gamma, and many others. Their object is, of course, a social one. The Oxford slang caused us some trouble at first, but we soon picked it up. Of course it differs widely from our college slang. Anyway, we are glad we came, and we are nearly as fond of Oxford already as your people are."

BATTLESHIPS STAND BY.

Fearful Wreck of an Admiralty Repairing
Vessel Near Tangier.

The Assistance, a large repairing ship of 9,600 tons, attached to the Atlantic Fleet, has gone ashore in Tetuan Bay, near Tangier.

Her position, says a Reuter's Gibraltar telegram last night, is serious, owing to the boisterous weather. Heavy seas are breaking over her, and five battleships are standing by.

The safety of the crew, however, is not in doubt. The Rear-Admiral has left Gibraltar for Tetuan Bay, and has accepted the services of the Bland Company for salvage operations.

It is feared, says an Exchange message, that the Assistance will become a total wreck.

HIS RUFFLED DIGNITY.

How a Famous French Caricaturist Impressed
an English Footman.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Thursday.—Sém, the famous Paris caricaturist and friend of many society people in London, will shortly bring out a book of caricatures of well-known English people. He tells an amusing story against himself in connection with his visit to London last week.

Sém is small in size, and clean-shaven. "I had just left Lord Howard de Walden," he says, "and was crossing the square, when a tall English footman came up to me and began to speak in English. As I did not understand, I replied in French."

"Oh! said the footman, 'French valet!'" "My dignity was ruffled, and so to show him that I was not a valet, I hailed a cab, and said in a loud voice to the cabman, 'Savoy Hotel.'"

HUMANE MURDER.

PHILADELPHIA, Thursday.—At a meeting of the American Humane Association, Miss Hall strongly endorsed the proposition to kill with anaesthetics persons hopelessly injured, or those dying of agonising diseases, a doctrine advocated by Mrs. Ballington Booth.—Laffan.

"BLACK HAND" IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, Thursday.—Four men, believed to be members of "The Black Hand," an Italian secret society of blackmailers and child-stealers, last night shot down an Italian butcher in his shop in cold blood.—Reuter.

FOR BREAD.

Street Full of Applicants Eager for a
Situation Worth 7s. a Week.

How bitter is the struggle for life in London was cursorily illustrated yesterday. Much has been said of the army of unemployed men; in this case an object-lesson was given as to the amount of distress among working women.

The proprietor of a small eating-house in Fetter-lane, Fleet-street, had inserted an advertisement for a kitchen-help at seven shillings a week, and asked applicants to apply at 6.30 in the evening. But by four o'clock over 300 women were waiting outside the shop.

It required the services of two policemen to keep them in order, and there was much wrangling in the ranks of the two long queues that were formed up right and left of the doorway.

They were all sorts and conditions of women. Many of them carried babies in their arms, and some were surrounded by two or three children. Not a few brought their husbands, sweethearts, or brothers with them.

Even after the great crowd of applicants had been told that the position was filled, others continued to arrive long after the premises were closed; while the postman brought some hundreds of applications by letter.

INSPECTION BY BALLOON.

Military Aeronaut Examines French Defences
at Twenty-five Miles an Hour.

TOUL, Thursday.—M. Lebandy's airship, in which was the chief engineer of the fortress of Toul, accomplished an extensive survey this morning of the military defences between Toul and Nancy.

On arriving at Nancy it paused above the Blandin Barracks, and then returned direct to Toul, where it descended at 9.50, an hour after the start, into the midst of the sappers in front of the shed.

The speed of the return journey from Nancy to Toul was twenty-five miles an hour.—Reuter.

GALLANT BROKERS.

Amusing Incident on the Paris Bourse When
a Lady Speculator Entered.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Thursday.—Although women are not allowed in the Paris Stock Exchange, yesterday a lady interested in speculations succeeded in entering the building unperceived by the guard.

The crowd of brokers were delighted at the presence of a lady, and were extravagantly polite to her, and when the horrified guards rushed up for the purpose of arresting her they formed a thick protecting cordon round her.

Presently the police magistrate arrived and ordered the lady's arrest, but she was not to be seen. The brokers had formed a long lane to one of the exits, and through this the presumptuous woman escaped.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

The transport Santa Cruz is leaving Buenos Ayres for Rosario to serve as a floating prison, owing to the serious strike.—Reuter.

The Spanish Minister of the Interior has given the contract for the construction of the new road through Madrid to Messrs. Hughes, of London.

On a charge of seditious libel by circulating leaflets against enlistment in the British Army, James Ward, a member of the Gaelic League, was yesterday sent for trial at Castlebar.

Mr. Lloyd-George, M.P., on whose throat an operation was recently performed, has been forbidden to speak at any meetings this week. The operation was not entirely satisfactory.

Death from alcoholic poisoning was the verdict at Belfast yesterday on Caroline Martin, aged four, who was found dead, having helped herself during her parents' absence from an open bottle of whisky left on the table.

Russian revolutionary pamphlets have been found on the mysterious wrecked steamer John Grafton, says a Copenhagen telegram, and the weapons on board were evidently destined for a students' club at Helsingfors.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: North-westerly and northerly breezes; cloudy and cold; rain at intervals here and there.

Lighting-up time, 6.10 p.m.

Sea passage will be smooth to moderate.

THE WAR OFFICE.

Offer of £2,000 To Improve a
Nursing Home Refused.

BAD ACCOMMODATION.

For its red-tapeism and general inefficiency the War Office has long been a byword throughout the country. It has in its latest effort surpassed itself.

A home for the military nursing service is to be erected in connection with the new military hospital at Millbank. It will be the house to which Army nurses and sisters who may have become ill in the discharge of their duties will be sent.

The plans were, says the "British Medical Journal," drawn for the War Office by an engineer officer, and have been finally adopted in the teeth of what should have been overwhelming criticism. The accommodation is utterly inadequate. It is even worse than that provided by Poor Law guardians in connection with their infirmaries.

No less a personage than Queen Alexandra herself has been impressed by this, and so distressed is she by the inadequacy of the War Office plans that she has offered a large sum of money privately in order that the plans may be improved, and the nurses of her Imperial military nursing service have proper accommodation.

QUEEN'S OFFER REFUSED.

Will it be believed that this generous offer has actually been declined by the War Office?

Even her Majesty, generous as is her nature, and warm as is her sympathy with the nurses of her service, would not offer to give £2,000 to the State unless she were convinced that a fatal mistake was being made. That a very stupid mistake is being made there can be no doubt. Especially is the arrangement made for nurses and sisters on duty, or waiting to be sent out in an emergency, utterly inadequate.

The bedrooms are not well planned; they are too small, they are not properly ventilated, and they have no fireplace.

There is only one sitting-room for the whole staff of sisters and nurses.

Unfortunately the War Office remains unmoved by expert criticism as by the generous appeal of the Queen, and it only remains to ask public opinion to assert itself and insist that Mr. Arnold-Forster shall listen to reason.

THE KING'S GOLD.

His Majesty's Engagements Not Interfered
with by Slight Indisposition.

Much concern was felt in London last night at the report that his Majesty is indisposed. Fortunately the King is only suffering from a slight cold.

On stopping at Aberdeen yesterday morning the royal train carrying his Majesty from Ballater, on a three days' visit to Brougham Hall, was met by the Lord Provost, who informed that the King would not ask into the royal carriage because he had a slight cold.

The following official statement was telegraphed last night:—"The King has been suffering from slight hoarseness, but is now well.—Knollys."

TOKIO'S GLAD WELCOME.

British Bluejackets and Marines Entertained
at a Garden Party.

TOKIO, Thursday.—Admiral Noel, accompanied by a number of officers, arrived here this morning from Yokohama, and drove amid the cheers of enthusiastic crowds to attend the garden-party at Hibiya Park, where he was welcomed by the mayor.

Varied entertainments were provided in the park for the marines and bluejackets, numbering about 1,000, who had been conveyed from Yokohama, and special facilities for sightseeing were provided. The whole city is decorated and the streets are thronged.—Reuter.

LORD SPENCER SERIOUSLY ILL.

Earl Spencer was seized with a stroke whilst out shooting on Wednesday at his shooting-box at North Creak, Fakenham, Norfolk. At noon yesterday his lordship was still unconscious, but a later message says his condition has slightly improved.

BRITISH STEAMER MUTINY.

According to the Hamburg correspondent of the "Vossische Zeitung," the crew of a British steamer about to leave for Mexico mutinied and attacked the captain, who was compelled to escape. The mutineers have been arrested.

NEW ZEALANDERS.

How Victory Is Organised for the
Maori Team.

A RUGBY 'NAPOLEON.

BY "MAORILANDER."

"Who are these chaps? Have they anything to do except play Rugby?" demanded an English friend after the New Zealand footballers had inflicted so severe a defeat upon the County of Middlesex.

There are a good many people asking the same question at the present time. It may be interesting to them to learn that the players are simply a number of men who have to earn their own living, and to whom football is an amusement only for Saturday afternoons.

Two or three bank clerks, a public servant or two, several insurance men, with a sprinkling of young farmers—these make up the backbone of the team. There is as little of the professional athlete about them as there is of the leisurely amateur, who devotes his whole time to sport.

So little opening exists for either class out in New Zealand.

Then why do they win so persistently and by such enormous margins?

If I knew I would still be too patriotic a Maori-lander to give the secret away. But, in a general way, I can return the answer of the famous painter who was asked how he mixed his colours, "With brains, my dear sir," said he.

The Team's Head-piece.

Take for instance, the case of Mr. Duncan, who is coach to the team. Gossip is busy with many members of the team, though little has been heard as yet of Mr. Duncan. He represents the brains of the show.

Out in New Zealand they believe that Mr. Duncan can win matches just by looking on. He is the brainiest footballer that ever donned a jersey.

A football match to him is like a problem in chess. He stands in the enclosure and studies every move of the opposing side. Then he shifts a pawn, makes an opening for one of the second row pieces, and the result is usually a try.

The members of the team, of whom so many handsome things have been said by our cousins here, have rightly been described as modest. But if they lay aside their modesty when they begin to talk about Mr. Duncan, Napoleon's marshals may have spoken of Napoleon in such terms, for they were very loyal men.

Up to the present Mr. Duncan has not had to exercise his brains to any great extent. Nor has he been called upon to don the black uniform and take his place on the field. He is capable of astonishing feats when he does so, for all that his hair is thinning, and the years are slipping behind him. He may be kept busy when the team goes down into Wales.

Not New Zealand's Best.

This team is possibly not the best New Zealand can produce. Members were selected with one eye on their social qualifications, and rightly so, as the event has proved. But there was some complaint about class exclusiveness before they left New Zealand.

Their last match was played against Wellington, in the New Zealand capital, a few days before sailing. They were beaten by one try to nothing after a terrific game. They had previously received a check when playing against Otago and Southland, who made a draw with them.

It is obvious, then, that there are as good footballers still in New Zealand as those who have come out of it.

Some of the members of the team have made themselves favourites here by their individuality, and there are certainly some interesting personalities among the Fernlanders.

A Versatile Hero.

Take Smith, for instance. Everyone knows that he was champion hunter of New Zealand, and he has run 100 yards in ten seconds. But one would never suspect, on seeing him chalk a billiard cue, that he conceals a hundred break about him. Such is the fact, however.

Thomson, the lightning swifter of the team, is a Civil Servant, and very "near to the throne." That is to say, his brother is Mr. Seddon's private secretary. Mr. Dixon, the field manager, is considered the best all-round athlete in Wellington.

All these men, of course, are the strictest amateurs. Before leaving New Zealand, many of them were entertained by the respective clubs for which they played, and "Kia ora" (Good-bye) was said. In quite a number of instances a purse of sovereigns was accepted, and a formal presentation made to the player.

All these purses of sovereigns afterwards found their way back to the donors, with suitable notes of regret. But the incident illustrates the New Zealand point of view with regard to the lily-white amateur.

300 Ministers of All Denominations See
"The Prodigal Son."

Invited by the Stage, the Church—Anglican and Nonconformist—flocked to Drury Lane yesterday afternoon to see a special performance of "The Prodigal Son."

Even Jewish Rabbis were present, but Roman Catholic priests did not, of course, attend. And many of the 300 clerical visitors were accompanied by wives or lady relatives and friends.

The black coats and white collars gave the "house" an unusual appearance. Judging from their faces and close interest, this novel audience thoroughly enjoyed the play. There was frequent laughter at Auntie Margaret's sallies, and the magnificent scenery was highly appreciated.

Among the audience were the Rev. R. J. Campbell, who with a party of friends occupied a box, Canon Horsley, Canon Wilberforce, the Rev. Prebendary Shelford, Canon Bradley, Rev. W. E. Lutyns (the once-famous University runner), Canon Morris, the Rev. M. Cohen, and the Rev. Stephen Barras.

TSAR A "STRONG" MAN.

Mr. Stead Says Tales of His Physical Break-down Are Simply "Fudge."

In a remarkable article, occupying nearly four columns of yesterday's "Times," Mr. W. T. Stead continues his studies on the internal politics of the Russian Empire and the personality of her ruler.

The one thing needful to Russia's salvation is, he says, the emancipation of the Tsar from the toils of the bureaucracy. This will shortly be achieved by the Duma.

Of the Tsar himself he says: "Never have I met anyone, man or woman, who impressed me more with the crystalline sincerity of his soul."

Amongst their recent meeting: "The last time I had seen him, just before the Hague Conference, he was on the eve of the greatest victory of his reign. I was now meeting him on the morrow of his worst reverse. But the man was exactly the same. He might simply have returned instantly from the door that had been closed six years before to repeat his adieu."

"His step was as light, his carriage as erect, his expression as alert. You may dismiss as simple fudge all the stories as to his physical weakness."

LOOKING FOR TALENT.

Mr. Edwardes Will Give 500 Chorus Girls a Chance To Play "Star" Parts.

Mr. George Edwardes, always bent on discovering latent theatrical talent, announces a "chorus matinee" at the Gaiety, in which any young lady in his company will have an opportunity to display capacity for leading parts.

To 500 young women of the chorus who have been patiently playing their humble parts for months, and even years, the announcement has given great satisfaction. But for some test of the kind genius might for ever remain hidden.

The fair aspirants in turn will demonstrate how well they can dance or sing. If an ambitious maiden desires to recite Shakespeare she will be allowed to do so.

But the matinee is not to be public. The chorus girls will go through their paces before a private audience of experts.

HUMANE RABBIT TRAPS.

£50 for a Contrivance To Catch the Animal Without Inflicting Cruelty.

To discover a rabbit trap which will either kill instantaneously or capture without hurting is the object of the Society for the Suppression of Steel Traps.

For the best contrivance of the kind they offered a prize of £50, and yesterday fourteen judges from all parts of the United Kingdom sat in judgment on the 220 model traps which the offer of a reward had called forth.

These comprised traps of all kinds, shapes, and sizes. Traps for detention, traps for decapitation, and divers traps whose aim was sudden death; but in many cases they would need the co-operation of a specially-trained rabbit to do their work properly. Some chopped Bunny's head off clean—or bisected him; others clamped him by the foot; but the most practicable seemed to be one which fastened an iron collar round his neck and held him unharmed at the mouth of the burrow.

RAN AWAY IN A GIRL'S CLOTHES.

When the clothes of Wilfrid Baker, a boy of thirteen, were taken away by his father to prevent him staying out late, he stole his sister's clothes and ran away dressed as a girl. At Kingston yesterday he was sent to an industrial school.

By the "Literary Great-Grandfather" of His Present Self,

THE AMERICAN WORKMAN.

Life, taken broadly, is a slow business, but it has good moments. And one of the best is the moment when Mr. George Bernard Shaw perpetrates a new literary freak.

"The Irrational Knot" was published yesterday. As its author is super-careful to inform the world, it is not a new book. It was written in the year 1880. "It was," says its author, "my second attempt, and it shared the fate of my first. That is to say, nobody would publish it, though I tried all the London publishers and some of the American ones. And I should not greatly blame them if I could feel sure that it was the book's faults and not its qualities that repelled them."

When a rising Liberal parliamentarian wrecked his career, years ago, by marrying a socially "impossible" woman, Lord Palmerston suggested that Gladstone might be employed to "explain her away." Mr. Shaw would seem to have inherited the genius of Gladstone in that respect. The fashion in which he explains away his responsibility for "The Irrational Knot" is one of the most beautiful examples of irresponsible impudence in the English language.

"I Am Not the Author."

"At present, of course," says Mr. Shaw, "I am not the author of 'The Irrational Knot.' Physiologists inform us that the substance of our bodies (and consequently of our souls) is shed and renewed at such a rate that no part of us lasts more than eight years. I am therefore not now in any atom of me the person who wrote 'The Irrational Knot' in 1880."

"The last of that author perished in 1888, and two of his successors have since joined the majority of his line. I cannot be expected to take any very lively interest in the novels of my literary great-grandfather. Even my personal recollections are becoming vague and overlaid with those most misleading of all traditions—the traditions founded on the lies a man tells, and at last comes to believe, about himself to himself."

His book, Mr. Shaw proudly informs us, "is not wholly a compound of intuition and ignorance." His hero is an Irish-American electrical engineer, and though a fiction, is based on fact. Long ago, when, as ordinary people would say, Mr. Shaw was fifteen, or when, as he would prefer to put it, he was the great-great-grandfather of his present self, he was an employee in the service of the Edison Telephone Company.

Those Americans.

While that company lasted, "it crowded the basement of a huge pile of offices in Queen Victoria-street with American artificers. These deluded and romantic men gave me a glimpse of the skilled proletariat of the United States. They sang obsolete sentimental songs with genuine emotion; and their language was frightful even to an Irishman. They worked with a ferocious energy which was out of all proportion to the actual result achieved."

"Indomitably resolved to assert their Republican manhood by taking no orders from a tail-batted Englishman, whose stiff politeness covered his conviction that they were, relatively to himself, inferior and common persons, they insisted on being slave-driven with genuine American oaths by a genuine free and equal American foreman."

Space would fail, even were it commonly fair to Mr. Shaw, to pick out a tithe of the plums—the Shawisms—of which the mere preface of "The Irrational Knot" is so full. Oscar Wilde maintains that it was only talent that progressed, and that genius issued from the eternal intelligence like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter, fully developed and equipped. And the reader will find Mr. Shaw's last publication an eloquent sermon on that text.

ROBBERY FROM SPINK'S.

Case of Valuable Egyptian Relics Stolen by Daylight in Piccadilly.

A daring daylight robbery has been carried out in Piccadilly, Messrs. Spink and Sons, the well-known jewellers, having a large mahogany glass-fronted show-case mysteriously taken away.

The case contained a number of valuable antique Egyptian articles, and no explanation of its disappearance is forthcoming. Only one thing is certain, that it was carried off when Piccadilly was thronged with shopping crowds.

One necklace in the case was composed of cornelians and garnet beads, and another necklace was of coral and amethysts.

The police are actively pursuing investigations.

LARGEST LINER AT DOVER.

Reputed to be the largest liner afloat, the Hamburg-American liner Amerika called for the first time at Dover yesterday on her voyage to New York.

Garden City £150 Houses Said To Be Too Frail To Last.

Letchworth Garden City prize cottages meet with scant favour in the eyes of a municipal expert sent officially to inspect them.

Councillor Bristow, of Lambeth, reports that not a house on the estate is suitable for London or its suburbs, "and the boasted £150 house is a myth. "I was prepared to see cheap cottages, but those I saw were cheap indeed. The first-price house had large patches of plastering already off the walls; the second-price cottage is built with feather-edged boarding; and the third-price structure is a bungalow built of iron netting stretched on uprights and plastered."

A member of the Cheap Cottages Committee informed the *Daily Mirror* yesterday that the cottages were never intended for London or the suburbs, but were built purposely as country cottages.

"As regards the bungalow built of iron netting stretched on uprights and plastered, some of the largest builders in the kingdom expressed the opinion that this cottage was one of the strongest and soundest structures in the whole exhibition."

POLLING TO-DAY.

Close Finish Anticipated in the Contest in the Barkston Ash Division.

Polling takes place in Barkston Ash (Yorkshire) to-day, where the candidates are Mr. G. R. Lane-Fox (Unionist) and Mr. J. O. Andrews (Liberal). The vacancy was caused by the death of Sir Robert Garter (Conservative), who was returned unopposed at the last election, whilst in 1892 his majority was 1,341.

There are no great issues in the contest, although it has been fought with remarkable strenuousness. No fewer than forty-nine meetings were held in the division last night, twenty-five being under Liberal auspices.

A close struggle is predicted, and the result of the poll will be announced at Selby to-morrow.

MOTHER'S MADNESS.

Leaps Into the Sea with Her Child, Who Is Drowned.

An act of great bravery and promptitude on the part of a coastguard boatman at Eastbourne prevented a double tragedy.

A young woman, carrying a child in her arms, was seen to leap over the seawall, and, without waiting to launch a boat, the boatman jumped after her dressed as he was.

With great difficulty he got her ashore, and she was brought round after artificial respiration had been employed. The child was drowned, its body being found yesterday morning.

Giving her name as Mrs. Mabel Toole, of London, the young woman was charged at the local court yesterday with the murder of her child.

SLEEPING MOTORISTS.

Driver Dozes and His Racing Car Swerves Into the Ditch.

Mr. Roland Morewood's attempt to beat the non-stop motor-car record, and win the Dewar Cup, has been frustrated in extraordinary fashion.

While running near Birtley, between Newcastle and Durham, the owner took advantage of a splendidly-straight piece of road, handed the wheel to his chauffeur, and attempted to snatch a few minutes' much-needed sleep.

But, unfortunately, the driver also was short of sleep. He dozed, and the car, travelling at about eighteen miles an hour, left the road and plunged into a ditch, upsetting all the four occupants.

Mr. Morewood was unharmed, but the other three sustained, respectively, a broken collarbone and rib, a broken nose, and an injured spine.

KENDAL REVIVAL.

"The Housekeeper," a farce in which Mr. and Mrs. Kendal appeared at the St. James's Theatre last night, had already been seen in London, for it was produced at a suburban theatre some months ago. It affords Mrs. Kendal yet another character in which she can display her charming personality.

BOY'S RAILWAY-ADVENTURES.

Stanley Cowlor, the Seacombe schoolboy of many clandestine travelling adventures, has just been stopped at Reading in an endeavour to get to London as a stowaway on an express train. The guard took him prisoner, but the boy escaped, and has not yet been found.

In fining a man for not sending his child to school, the chairman of the Petty Sessions at Whitchurch, Salop, said he was sorry for him, and would pay the fine out of his own pocket.

"MURDERERS AT

2s. A TIME."

More Astounding Evidence in Case
Against Mr. Hugh Watt.

"£100 FOR A KILL."

The case against Mr. Hugh Watt grows more amazing at each successive hearing. Yesterday Mr. Watt, who was formerly an M.P. for one of the divisions of Glasgow, was again charged at Marlborough-street with inciting various persons to murder Mrs. Julia Watt, his former wife.

In expectation of further sensations there was a large attendance in the court.

The news-vendor Worley, who had given evidence at the former hearing, was recalled, and retold the story of the proposal that he alleged Mr. Watt had made to him as to attacking Mrs. Watt at Hampton Court. Mr. Watt, he said, promised him £10, and told him that, as Mrs. Watt carried £70 or £80 worth of jewellery with her, it would be a fine thing for witness.

Mr. Muir (defending): Was that to be thrown in?—Yes.

Cross-examined: Mr. Watt told me that I could easily get some men to go down to Hampton Court to attack Mrs. Watt. He said I could find plenty of men ready to do a murder for 2s. or 3s.

You were to get murderers for 2s. or 3s. each and sell them for £5 each?—He gave me £5, and said I could have another £5 when it was done.

For Personal Violence.

On one occasion, said Worley in cross-examination, Mr. Watt gave him a stick, and told him to keep it, for it would be wanted later on for personal violence. He could not say what had become of the stick, and the letters he had received from Mr. Watt.

On still another occasion Mr. Watt suggested that he should hang about the hotel at which Mrs. Watt was staying and run her down on his bicycle when she left. He was to get £1 a week while watching, £50 for knocking her down, and £100 if anything happened afterwards.

Mr. Muir: £100 for a hurt, £100 for a kill?—Well, I took it the £100 was to be paid if I killed her. I said I would immediately undertake to do this, and he gave me £1 or £2. Afterwards Mr. Watt increased the terms "for a kill" to £150 and £1 a week for life.

Have you ever seen Mrs. Watt?—No, never. I don't know her now. He gave me a photograph and said if I studied the features I should recognise Mrs. Watt.

Did you do so?—No; I never took any notice of it.

Mr. Norman Battle, the Scotch cattle-dealer who at the previous hearing gave evidence for the defence, was next recalled by Mr. Gill. On entering the box he said: "I wish to withdraw all that I said before, and I am sorry I said it."

His real name, he said, was John Lightfoot. He had not overheard a conversation outside a shop in Regent-street on the morning of August 17 between two men. He saw Mr. Watt last on August 24 or 25 in Hyde Park. He was with another gentleman, Lord Kin—something.

Mysterious Peer Present.

What did Mr. Watt say to you?—Well, of course, I am going to mention important persons, so I should like to write their names.

Mr. Gill: I don't think the gentlemen will mind their names being mentioned.

Proceeding, witness stated that Mr. Watt asked him to write a letter to Mr. Palmer, the solicitor for the defence, saying that he knew sufficient of the case to clear Mr. Watt. Later he received two telegrams, both dated September 18, from Mr. Watt making an appointment at 72, Knightsbridge.

He came to London, and had dinner with Mr. Watt and Lady Violet and a gentleman whom he was told was Mr. Rufus Isaacs; afterwards he learned he was Mr. Bernard Abraham.

What did Mr. Watt say to you?—He asked me to give the evidence that I gave on the last occasion. I was to get £20 from Mr. Watt; £18 10s. from the other gentleman, whom I was told was an enquiry, and who also told me I would get a good berth and £5,000 in cash. Lady Violet said she had got some letters from the King.

Lady Violet also informed him that she had a letter from Lord Knollys, adding that she always destroyed letters from that quarter. It was being arranged by the request of the King that the case was to be finished.

At the conclusion of his evidence the witness was directed to remain in court.

After further evidence Mr. Watt was remanded on the same bail—two sureties of £30 each—until to-morrow fortnight.

LABOUR'S UNCROWNED KING.

In reply to a local correspondent who wrote forcibly reproving him for consenting to open the new Woolwich Town Hall, when it had been suggested that the King should be invited to perform the ceremony, Mr. W. Crocker, M.P., has ironically replied: "Dear Sir,—Herewith I return your letter. Yours truly."

WOMEN MARTYRS.

Torturing Injections of Perfume the
Latest Sacrifice to Fashion.

Beauty specialists are eagerly discussing the very latest device by which womenkind seek to enhance their attractions. This is nothing less than the injection of perfumes under the skin.

The fad hails from Paris, where it is claimed that this novel operation causes the whole body to exhale perfume, while in time the blood itself becomes impregnated with delicate odours.

A leading London perfumer told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday that he thought the practice likely to be "highly dangerous, and extremely disfiguring to the skin."

A skin specialist regarded the idea as impracticable. "Impregnating the blood with sweet odours would be quite impossible," he said. "The art of using scent is greatly abused. People deluge themselves with it so that their immediate presence becomes quite unpleasant."

"A refined woman does not permit more than the faintest perceptible aroma of some delicate flower to surround her."

"But since women are allowed to operate upon themselves with the hypodermic syringe, using morphia and all sorts of stimulants, they will probably go on making foolish experiments."

FIRE OF BANK-NOTES.

Servant Heats the Copper at Great Expense
To Her Master.

Too late to reach the bank before closing time, and with a fear of burglars in his mind, a Nottingham wholesale fruit merchant hit on a novel hiding-place for a large sum of money he had taken home with him.

This was none other than the fire-grate under the copper initials own scullery, and here he stored bank-notes, cheques, and cash.

Next morning he experienced a rude shock. The servant had risen early and lighted the copper-fire in view of a day's washing. All that the disconsolate gentleman found of his money was a few blackened coins.

CATTLE-MAIMER'S SENTENCE.

Edalji, the Condemned Parsee Solicitor, To Be
Liberated Next Year.

The Home Secretary has decided to reduce the sentence of seven years' imprisonment on George Edalji, who was convicted of maiming horses two years ago at Great Wyrley, Canoe Chase, Staffordshire.

"If his conduct continues good," says the Home Secretary, in answer to the father's appeal, he should be released on licence when he has served three years, namely, in October next year.

Edalji, it will be remembered, is the son of the Rev. Shapurji Edalji, a Parsee, who many years ago came to Great Wyrley as curate.

For some time previous to two years ago several horses were mutilated, and on footmarks being traced to Mr. Edalji's house, four razors, evidently recently used, were found in the son's box.

RAN THROUGH £13,000.

Sidelights on the Career of a Young University
Man in London.

The story of the life of a young University man in town was told at Clerkenwell Sessions yesterday.

Of good family, a member of the Conservative Club and a law student of the Inns of Court, Mr. Harper Reade was indicted for having incurred a list of debts with jewellers by fraud.

He was alleged to have passed as the Hon. G. H. Reade, of Park-gardens, Bath, and had never done anything for a living.

He ordered jewellery to the extent of £231, although it was said that he knew there was not sufficient in his banking account to meet the liabilities.

He pledged this jewellery, and in August was made bankrupt, with liabilities £13,000, and assets nil. Between January and April he obtained jewellery worth £1,150, and the Court ordered his prosecution.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, accompanied by Mr. Austen and Miss Chamberlain, arrived in London from the Continent last night.

DUKE'S SISTER DEAD.

Lady Isabel Wilson, wife of Mr. Guy Wilson, died at Warter Priory, York, the residence of her father-in-law, Mr. C. R. Wilson, M.P., yesterday.

Sister of the Duke of Roxburghe, Lady Isabel was twenty-six years of age, and was only married last year. She was confined of a still-born daughter on Monday, and never succeeded in rallying.

MOMAN TYPIST SHOT.

Mrs. Franks's Story of Suggested
Elopement and a Revolver.

CITY LOVE DRAMA.

Mrs. Franks, the typist who was shot at Imperial-buildings, Ludgate-circus, a few weeks ago, has so far recovered that she was able to give evidence at the Mansion House yesterday against her assailant, a Hungarian named William Retz, who is employed as a commercial traveller.

It was a remarkable story the injured woman told. As, heavily-veiled and wearing a white blouse and black hat, Mrs. Franks took the seat offered her in the witness-box, Retz gazed intently at her, as if trying to arrest her attention. She took no notice of him, however, but gazed steadily at the clerk as he gave her evidence. She said she had been employed by Mr. Kennedy, of 35 and 36, Imperial-buildings, and had known Retz for a year, having first met him in Newgate-street, where Mr. Kennedy was formerly in business.

Retz had his letters addressed to Imperial-buildings, and was in the habit of calling daily at the office. He had no particular seat; he sat anywhere.

Thought It a Gas Explosion.

On the day of the outrage Retz called at the office about 10 a.m., said Mrs. Franks, and after a while went out, but soon after returned. Schwartz, one of the clerks, was there also, but he went out for lunch, and Retz and she were left alone.

"What took place?" asked Mr. Vickery, counsel for the prosecution.

"I usually had a glass of stout about then," was the reply. "I had not had it that day, and Retz offered to get it for me. He fetched it, and I had it in the outer office. I was sitting on a packing-case next to the partition. I put the empty glass on the mantelpiece on my left-hand side, my right being turned towards the prisoner, who was sitting on a chair on the left-hand side of the desk."

What did you hear or see after drinking the stout?—I thought I heard a gas explosion.

Then what happened after the explosion?—I have no recollection of leaving the office, but I found myself on the landing. I remembered two policemen being there, and that was all. I felt myself bleeding, and knew I was hurt somewhere, but I did not know where.

As a matter of fact, you had felt nothing of the bullet going through your neck at all?—No. I remembered going to the hospital, when I found I was shot through the neck and the hand.

Proposed Elopement.

Before you had the stout did you and the prisoner have any conversation?—(After hesitation): Well, he said he was fond of me, and wanted me to go away with him.

Anything else?—Yes, he said he would do away with himself if I did not.

Has he ever made both the threat and the suggestion before?—Yes, on several occasions.

Asked how certain letters written by Retz to her from the Continent got into Retz's possession, Mrs. Franks said he asked for them, and she gave them to him.

When, the same day?—I cannot say.

The Alderman: Your memory seems very defective.

Mrs. Franks went on to say she had always found Retz of a kindly disposition, but she thought that he might do away with himself some day. He never spoke of a revolver, and how she was shot she could not tell.

The letters she had written to Retz were of a kind and affectionate character.

Affectionate, you say?—(After slight hesitation): Yes.

Retz was committed for trial.

CHRYSANTHEMUM LEAGUE.

Prize Show of Flowers Grown by Little
British Friends of Japanese Children.

The "Evening News" Chrysanthemum League, which aims at bringing the little ones of Great Britain and Japan into closer sympathy, will hold a huge prize show of chrysanthemums grown by members of the league at the Royal Horticultural Hall, Westminster, to-morrow.

Florists all over England are sending beautiful exhibits, and there will be probably the greatest assembly of choice blossoms ever seen.

Among the attractions will be Japanese and European dances by children in costume, performances by the band of the Duke of York's Royal Military School, and a decorated diaphanous competition.

Mrs. Kendal, the popular actress, has consented to distribute the prizes.

MUTINOUS FIREMEN SENTENCED.

The thirty-three firemen who refused to work on the Oceanic on its voyage to Liverpool because other firemen were getting more money were each sentenced to seven days' imprisonment at Liverpool yesterday.

"SILVER HATCHET GANG."

Band of London Ruffians Known by
Badges and Passwords.

We read of the "Black Hand," the "Mafia," and other murderous secret societies abroad, and shudder. But who has heard of the "Silver Hatchet Gang" in London?

It consists of a body of young desperadoes bound together by a deadly oath of secrecy, and distinguished by a common badge. This dread companionship was brought to light by a case at Clerkenwell Sessions yesterday, when one of the leading ornaments of the gang, a youth named Alfred Hardy, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for wounding a boy named Alfred Pearson.

According to the police the Silver Hatchet Gang to which Hardy belonged, sport a silver hatchet on the lapel of their coats, bearing the sonorous motto, "Tried, trusted, and true."

Another gang wears a specially-embroidered legend and badge on the cap-front. These gangs constitute just as grave a danger to the community as did the bravos of Tim Tappert, the profligate apprentice in "Barnaby Rudge."

Their method, said a detective, is to lie in wait round a corner while one of their number goes forward and picks a quarrel with some unfortunate person. Then, at a given signal, out rushes the rest of the gang, and woe betide the luckless wight who comes within the range of the thick leather belts with their heavy brass buckles.

The existence of such gangs certainly is, as the Judge said, a monstrous thing in modern London.

HERO OF THE SEA.

Captain Refuses To Leave His Sinking Ship
After the Crew Were Rescued.

Heroically refusing to leave his sinking ship, Captain Eiriksdson, of the Norwegian barque Candeur, bade farewell to his crew rescued by the steam trawler Whale, and was soon lost to view in the stormy night.

The captain of the Whale, which landed the rescued crew at Boston, Lincolnshire, yesterday, reports that as they left the sinking barque a steamer hove in sight, and that there is a ray of hope that the helpless craft may have been taken in tow.

The rescue was effected in a heavy North Sea gale, 160 miles north-east of the Inner Downs.

SHOT IN A BEDROOM.

Ex-Member of the Stock Exchange Found
Dead with a Revolver by His Side.

A tragic discovery was made at a house in Margaret-street, Regent-street, yesterday, Mr. Cecil Smith, formerly a member of the Stock Exchange, being found dead in bed with a five-chambered revolver by his side.

Alarmed by Mr. Smith's non-appearance in the morning, and unable to obtain an answer, a servant alarmed the household. On the bedroom door being forced, it was at once seen that Mr. Smith was shot through the head, the bullet embedding itself in the wall.

He was forty-three years of age. The body was removed to Marylebone Mortuary to await an inquest.

CORSETS FOR PAUPERS.

General Is Surprised That Such Articles of
Fashion Are Wanted in the Workhouse.

"This is rather puzzling to my uninitiated mind," said Major-General Gosset at a meeting of the Lenden and Winstree Guardians, learning that eight pairs of corsets had been ordered for use in the union. "Am I to understand that the figures of the ladies in the union need improvement?" "I am surprised," retorted another member, "that General Gosset knows anything about such things."

"Illustrated Mail"

A Pictorial -
Record of the
Week's Doings.

EVERY FRIDAY
ONE PENNY.

THE SWEETS OF THE MIGHTY

Princess of Wales Places Large Orders for the East.

THE CHILD EPICURE.

British womenkind have of late become inordinately lovers of sweets, and they have already outstripped French and American women in this direction.

The Princess of Wales buys sweets not only for her children, but for herself. She pays frequent visits to a certain West-End shop, and chooses the latest dainties. Her Royal Highness has just given large orders for special sweets to take to India with her—chocolates of every variety, marrons disguised and glacés, marsh-mallows, and even crackers. The ex-Empress Eugénie, too, is a great lover of sweets.

Whether the habit makes for health or not it is difficult to say, but most sweets nowadays are free from adulteration.

Chocolates at six and eight shillings a pound, crystallised rose leaves, lilac, lavender, orange flowers, are the favourite sweets of the up-to-date sweet-eating child, who no longer "hops into a baker's shop," puts down his penny, and comes out with a delightfully-large bull's-eye, quite filling his mouth, and a stick of barley-sugar in either hand. Instead he follows his mother's lead, dately into a French confectionery establishment.

INFANT GOURMETS.

He is a veritable connoisseur in sugar-plums, a gourmet whose soul revolts against the idea of the old-fashioned sweetstuff. A whole shilling does not buy the same weight as one penny did in the old days.

Gone are those multi-coloured joys that changed their gay coats each time he popped them in and out of his sticky mouth. They have been banished with the peppermint hearts, liquorice "laces," and peardrops.

Even plain chocolate is looked upon with disapproving eyes, and milk chocolate is dubbed "sickly." Chocolate caraque is first in favour. This is the "last word" in chocolates, and is to ordinary milk chocolate what dry champagne is to sweet. It is sold in shredded flakes, and "you can eat 3s. 6d. worth without feeling bad."

Less than ten years ago there were not half a dozen shops in London where other than the most English of sweets could be bought. Turkish delight was a luxury, caramels an acquired taste, and marrons glacés only to be had from France. Now bull's-eyes are not to be got unless specially ordered, though the polite shopkeeper hardly likes to take the order, and with difficulty conceals his disgust.

The sweet which everyone will eat this winter is a dragée filled with chocolate caramel, and its price is 4s. for about two dozen. No wonder that one sweetstuff shop can afford to spend £3,000 on its interior decoration!

"LIBELLED CONNEMARA."

Remarkable Discoveries by Two Distinguished English Lady Tourists.

Connemara is indignant at the "revelations" of Connemara life made by two English lady visitors, one of whom is "Edith Balfour, said to be the wife of a Cabinet Minister."

The fair tourists spent "a whole week" studying the people of Connemara, and they discovered many curious things.

An example of Irish superstition was found in the extraordinary story that "every Irish baby is born on the beaten mud floor,"—in remembrance of the lowly birth of our Lord.

"This is, no doubt, a beautiful and touching legend, but I ask my readers all over Ireland," says the editor of "The Lady of the House," "have they ever heard of such a means of commemoration?"

The editor declares that this story should be placed with the ancient libel on Paddy, "folling at the turf fire in his cabin, while his wife ran affrighted from the window, with—

"Here's the agent, me jewel, walkin' up the hill to the dure."

"And the pat reply—

"Hand me down the blunderbuss, acushla, an' I'll pay his honour the rint."

POPULAR WRITER'S LATEST STORY.

Some writers go on from success to success. The Rev. Silas K. Hocking is one of these. His latest story, "The Squire's Daughter," which is appearing in the "Sunday Companion," is proving to be the finest that has come from his pen. There is a very big demand for the "Sunday Companion," which is published to-day, and which contains the second instalment of this remarkable work.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

London University is considering the formation of a debating union similar to those at Cambridge and Oxford.

It has been decided to produce the Sherborne historical pageant triennially, the next performance taking place in 1908.

Parley (Surrey) "truant" school is being closed. It has only held one inmate for a long time, truancy having become a rare offence.

This year's English hop yield of 14.21cwt. per acre is the largest return since such information was first collected by the Board of Agriculture.

Many of the boys educated in the rural schools in West Somerset can neither read nor write, said a member of the Tiverton Board of Guardians yesterday.

Seven motorists, charged with exceeding the speed limit on the Portsmouth road at Esher, Colham, and Walton, paid £40 17s. in fines and costs at Kingston yesterday.

Animated by a spirit of economy, Chard (Somerset) Guardians have decided to establish "dames' schools" in the village for children under five, the expense of highly-paid teachers thus being saved.

For fifty years rector of Tilbrook, Kimbolton, the Rev. Newton B. Young, who died in his ninety-eighth year, left two of his servants £150 each and one year's wages to each domestic servant in his employ.

"The Tent, Datchet," given as an address by a man sent to gaol at Slough for exposing his three-year-old boy, proved to be a ditch, the bottom of which was covered with a few old rags, whilst sacking stretched on wires formed the roof.

Ventnor (Isle of Wight) District Council has passed a resolution impressing upon the authorities of all seaside and health resorts the advisability of commencing school summer holidays a month earlier than usual, so as to minimise overcrowding.

Ninety pounds, publicly subscribed, will be divided not only among the signalmen whose promptitude saved the up-express from disaster at Witham, but also among the engine-driver, fireman, and guards connected with the train.

In the ratepayers' interests, the Metropolitan Water Board are recommended to discontinue the practice adopted by water companies of granting allowances to the dependants of deceased officers or of deceased pensioners.

Hidden under the coal in a house in Manchester, where a youth was arrested for shopbreaking, a five-stone diamond ring, two gold chains, and a number of valuable pipes and cigar-holders were found.

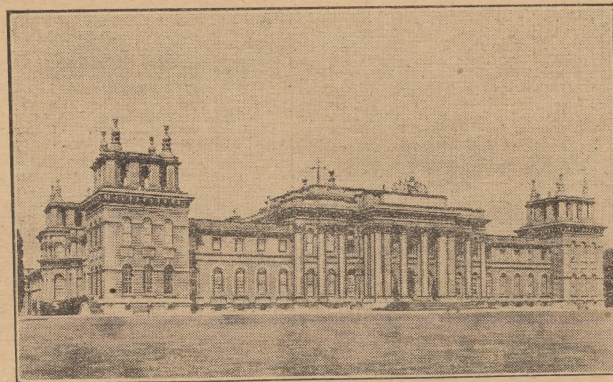
The grave of "Brusher" Mills, the New Forest snake-catcher, in the parish churchyard of Brockenhurst, is to be marked by a memorial-stone, to be erected by public subscription.

As a protest against the boycotting tactics of local builders, the Yarmouth Guardians solemnly committed to the flames a batch of tenders, which they refused to open.

Mr. Myles, of Forfarshire, was yesterday appointed Town Clerk of Glasgow by fifty-seven votes to fifteen, in favour of Mr. Bowers, the interim Town Clerk.

False teeth, crutches, boat oars, razors, and electric fittings were included amongst lost luggage put up at a North-Eastern Railway sale in Leeds.

IS BLENHEIM PALACE TO LET?



Blenheim Palace, the historic mansion presented to the Duke of Marlborough after his victories in the low countries, which is said to be to let.

At the Sleaford (Lincoln) Church harvest festival the vicar complained of the meagreness of the offertory, which, he said, did not average 3d. per head amongst a wealthy congregation. He threatened to relinquish this special service if matters did not improve.

On his way to work yesterday Thomas Moore, of Norwich, saw a neighbour, Benjamin Alden, standing under his gateway. He spoke to him, but received no reply, and on going closer found that Alden had hanged himself, his feet being half an inch from the ground.

Lord Elcho and Captain Hemphill, two of the hon. secretaries of the L.C.C. Reception Committee, left town for Paris last night to place before the Paris councillors the final arrangements, and to accompany them on Monday when they journey to London.

Ten thousand of our Jack Tars at least will spend next Christmas at home, the Atlantic Fleet, whose crews reach this number, having been ordered to England for the purpose of giving the men a holiday.

With great presence of mind, a nurse at Bradwell Sanatorium, North Staffordshire, whose dress caught fire, ran into the bathroom, jumped into a bath, turned on the water, and quickly put the flames out.

A violent explosion of gunpowder took place yesterday in a hardware store at Bray, the proprietor's son and an assistant being badly burned.

Lakeside honeymooning is the latest mode. A young couple started off on a yachting trip directly after their marriage at Windermere.

At the Olympia Motor-car Show there will be a repairs competition for chauffeurs.

A farmer at the Camarvon County Court told the Judge that he paid his debts in swedes, hay, and pigs.

Although quite blind, a man identified the body of his little daughter at a Bethnal Green inquest yesterday.

Accused of stabbing a man sixteen times with a bayonet, Michael Gormley, labourer, was remanded at Blackburn yesterday.

Four cannon have been offered free of cost by the War Office to be placed at the base of the Hector Macdonald memorial at Dingwall.

London's paraffin-oil war ended yesterday, after lasting twelve months, and a general advance of one penny a gallon in price is the result.

In six months 133,500 bundles of firewood, chopped by the inmates of Lambeth Workhouse, were sold to the public, yielding the guardians a profit of nearly £20.

"Mr. Balfour's Sunday golf we cannot stop," said the Rev. H. Varley, of Bowes Park, at the Leeds Congregational Assembly, "but of his Premiership we may relieve him."

Mr. E. J. Margetson's new song, "The Dutch Woogie," now being sung by The Follies at the Tivoli, seems likely to become one of their most popular numbers. The whistle at the end of the song is most effective, and we expect we shall soon be hearing it in all the London streets. The Willis Music Co., Ltd., are publishing the song.

"HOME PETS" SHOW.

Quaint Mixture of Babies, Donkeys, Dogs, Cats, and Pigeons.

JOYFUL BABEL.

Taking it altogether, Plaihow strikes one as a rather dull place, but it has its moments of gaiety, of expansion of human interest, and one of those precious intermezcos occurred yesterday afternoon, when it proved, like the immortal boarding-house run by Mrs. Toldgers, that "it can come it when it likes."

It is not easy to summarise the occasion in a neat and portable phrase. The official title of the show was the "Annual Exhibition of Home Pets."

"Home Pets" is a designation of considerable elasticity. The specimens of this catholic genus, exhibited yesterday afternoon at Plaihow, covered a truly astonishing variety of natural objects. There were canaries, parrots, and pigeons. There were cats, imprisoned in iron cages, licking lips of futile desire as they contemplated their natural prey, "so near and yet so far."

There were dogs, each individual dog in that condition of bitter indignation which seems somehow to invade the soul of every dog exposed on a show-bench to the public gaze.

Ducks, goats, and mice figured among the attractions, and one gigantic white rat, the size of an average rabbit, had a "class" all to himself.

DONKEYS AND BABIES.

But the two great centres of attraction were the donkey show, and the baby show. The donkeys were established in a snug canvas tent on the asphalted yard behind the recreation-rooms of St. Mary's Settlement. They were hard at work disposing of a huge feed of oats ordered for their benefit by Viscountess Wolsley, unfortunately unable to appear.

Lady Elizabeth Cust, accompanied by Sir Reginald, was there to give the requisite aristocratic flavour to a popular gathering, and the Bishop of Barking, always to the fore in any movement which can add a dash of life or colour to what is perhaps the duller diocese in England.

The babies were ensconced in the class-room—thirty-four of them, attended by their respective mothers, sisters, cousins (of the feminine gender), and aunts. For the most part they regarded the proceedings with a philosophical indifference, and sucked away at their bottles very much as the donkeys munched their ecumenosynan oats. Plaihow owes much to the Rev. Mr. Given-Wilson, the vicar of St. Mary's. The guild he founded years ago on the ruins of a moribund "Band of Hope" now numbers a thousand members—"the Guild of Kindness to Animals and of Self-Control." Nothing but "that perpetual lack of pence which vexes public men" stands between him and the realisation of a scheme of the greatest public value.

HOME RAILS PROSPECTS.

Traffic Returns Show Goods Receipts Compensate for Reduced Passenger Takings.

CAPEL COURT, Thursday Evening.—The stock markets might easily have been better. Unfortunately one substantial firm is rather out of its depth, and though no failure was anticipated a good deal of liquidation had to be done, chiefly affecting American Rails, Canadian Pacifics, and Affairs, though several other securities recently prominent, like the Buenos Ayres Provincial Cédulas, were also heavily owing to stress of liquidation. In the circumstances the good points had very little weight.

The Bank rate was unaltered, and the Bank return showed £392,000 down in the reserve, which was considered poor. So Consols are down to 88½, and Indian Threes were flat, as it is thought that the Bombay Baroda will be bought out in this stock, and that a good deal will be sold on the market, so that India Threes are down to 95½, a loss of a full point.

With the exception of Great Central and Metropolitan, Home Rails were all down for precisely the same reason. But the full details of the traffic to hand show that nearly all the lines are making great headway in goods receipts, which are more than compensating for slight falling-off in passenger takings. The latter are not yet feeling the benefit of reviving trade.

The sensation of the day was the sharp rise in Mexican Railway issues on the unexpectedly good dividend, at the rate of 6½ per cent. per annum on the First Preference. Leopoldinas were a strong spot on the traffic, but as a rule Argentine Rails were resting, though Argentine Great Westerns continue strong on the coming amalgamation.

That there was nothing to fear from the Anglo-German misunderstanding was best proved by the firmness of the Continental favourites among Foreign securities.

Kaffirs were dull for reasons noted above, and in fact most of the mining markets were heavy.

"DAILY MAIL."

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—
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LONDON, E.C.
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Daily Mirror

FRIDAY OCTOBER 13 1905.

AN UNPLEASANT TAX.

THE men who do the work of assessing the income-tax and collecting it are finishing their ghastly labours for the year, and "rounding up" the last batch of dodgers.

It is an unpleasant business, that of the income-tax. A large percentage of those who pay it deliberately cheat the Government. Those who collect it know they are being cheated. The whole thing is conducted on a sort of swindling basis. Income tax payer and income-tax collector are surrounded by an atmosphere of the thieves' kitchen. The big dodgers pay little or nothing. Only the honest men pay all, and they are few and far between.

However much income-tax a man pays or however little he feels that he is being "had." He knows that there are thousands of men with incomes as large as his who pay less than he does. A citizen with £1,000 a year may pay £60 a year tax, or £40, or £30, or £20, or £10, or nothing, according to his capacity to dodge liabilities. Even if he pays up everything, the attitude of the Surveyor of Taxes towards him seems to him to be that he is guilty of trying to defraud.

The fact is that the income-tax makes story-tellers and cheats out of many of us. One must either be a story-teller, a cheat, or a dupe. Which shall one be?

The income-tax is really collected by a junior Criminal Investigation Department, a minor Scotland Yard. The surveyors and collectors ought to wear police uniforms and carry handcuffs. They are thief-catchers really, or have that air. They believe no one. Every circuit they send out intimates frankly that it is addressed to a notoriously artful dodger, and that we are a nation of persons whose principal occupation is that of making fraudulent returns.

Take the case of employees of limited liability companies. Under the practice in force the Government exacts the name of every employee who gets more than £160 a year, but it cannot compel, or, as a matter of policy, does not compel, the company to tell the amounts paid. If the company refuses to divulge the figures the surveyor has a fit of imitation hysterics, and makes all sorts of threats. But if the treasurer stands to his guns nothing happens, and the figures are not insisted on.

Now some limited companies tell the facts, others do not. In the cases of the latter an employee drawing £1,000 a year can send his income in as £170, and the authorities are powerless. But in the case of a company that confesses its salary list, the employee at £1,000 a year has to pay his full amount.

The result is a feeling of injustice all round. The man who cheats the Government boasts about it. The man who cannot cheat, but who would like to, feels that a mean advantage has been taken of him.

If the income-tax were enforced absolutely, and if every cheat were prosecuted, there would be a situation almost amounting to a revolution. The Government does not want trouble, so the authorities bargain with the taxpayer, and compromise with him. It is like huckstering with a second-hand clothes-dealer.

The income-tax puts the citizen in this dilemma. If he pays everything he thinks he is a fool, and if he dodges some of it he feels like a sort of swindler. A. K.

SAYINGS OF NELSON.

Without friendship this life is but misery, and it is so difficult to find a true friend that the search is almost needless; but, if you ever do, it ought to be cherished as an exotic plant.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

AT Brougham Hall, where his Majesty is spending two days, the visitor finds himself in a veritable storehouse of antiquities and art treasures of every description, tapestries, old armour, a valuable collection of paintings, and many interesting relics of the famous Lord Chancellor who was the uncle of the present Lord Brougham. In the dining-room there is fixed to the wall a very old Saxon horn, which, tradition says, was used to summon the retainers of the manor in days of old.

Flowers have always been one of Lord Brougham's chief interests, and he is the author of a standard work on roses. His rose-garden at his chateau at Cannes is a most enchanting spot. Red roses are also the favourites of Lady Brougham, whose fondness for this shade of colour amounts almost to a passion. She wears rose-coloured gloves, decorates her rooms with masses of red blooms, has red curtains, red shades for candles and electric light, and, in fact, introduces red

everywhere, and the young gentlemen when they make it too hot."

So accustomed is one to associate Sir John Cockburn with things essentially Australasian that one forgets at times how varied his interests are and that before he devoted himself to politics he was a doctor, who was born in Scotland and took his degree at London University. Those who heard the Agent-General for South Australia deliver last night his presidential address to the London branch of the British Child-Study Association, Ica need that, despite the exacting nature of his official duties, he has found time to give deep consideration to this subject.

But then his motto is that nothing is "impossible." One interesting little instance in his private life suffices to show how strictly he adheres to this motto in all things. A friend showed him one day a violin lying in a stable where the wheels of a carriage had often passed over it. Apparently it was smashed beyond repair, and the friend openly said as much. Sir John Cockburn was on

written with all the ease and raciness of style which characterise his pantomime "books." He is in such demand among theatre managers who depend upon this form of entertainment as the chief d'œuvre of their season's bill that the rivalry to secure his services is at times quite embarrassing. One manager became almost desperate on one occasion because he feared he had lost the chance of a "book" by Mr. Wood, and his assistants were so alarmed at his state of mind that for days they went about in dread of the consequences of this disappointment, until at last the welcome news arrived that Mr. Wood would, after all, be able to undertake the task. The secretaryship of an insurance company would provide few men with inspiration for writing pantomimes, but it was while acting in this capacity that Mr. Wood first developed his talent.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

THE MANIA TO BE TYPISTS.

As a constant reader of your paper I have been rather surprised to read the different articles which have appeared in your columns during the last month or two on typists and lady clerks. To say the least, some of the remarks are rather misleading to those of your readers who are not associated with City life.

I wish specially to refer to the article in to-day's *Daily Mirror* headed "Famine of Housemaids—Mania To Be Typists. By A Woman." She says: "A girl with a superficial smattering of shorthand muddles along from one office to another." This is hardly feasible, as managers of to-day require, what is commonly termed, "too much for their money," and would not employ a girl who did not understand her work. Further, one can always see, when interviewing the applicants for a post, which girl is ill-bred and which refined and suited for her work.

As to the girl clerks of London, those who work with them can testify as to their being, on the average, a class of neatly-dressed, ladylike girls, mostly coming from good homes, which is proved by the fact that poor parents could not pay the cost of training which is necessary for the shorthand typist, however inefficient. This is in contradiction to the remark of "A Woman" that the typist usually lives in miserable lodgings or scantily at home.

I am quite aware of the fact that there are many girls who would be better in domestic service, who are out at business in order to get their "freedom," but I think you will find that they are mostly employed in factories, and not many in offices as shorthand typists and clerks.

One cannot but agree with the sense of "A Woman's" three later paragraphs, especially the last, in which she states that the lower classes are only following in the footsteps of the women of the better class, but I certainly must say it would be a great deal better if people made quite sure of their opinions before they sent up articles to our daily papers which tend to impair the character of the typist and the lady clerk. A TYPIST.

Norwood, October 12.

TRAMCAR MANNERS.

Perhaps some of the ladies will kindly explain how it is that a very large number of them are able to stand for hours without any sign of fatigue outside places of amusement waiting for the doors to open, or to see some notable person pass, etc., etc. But on a train, "tube," or tramcar they are not capable of standing from one station to the other.

I was riding in the "tube" the other day when a lady entered, and there was not a vacant seat. She glared round, expecting, no doubt, that the men occupying seats should immediately rise for her. One gentleman near me did. The lady accepted without one word of thanks, and by her appearance she was more capable of standing than the gentleman whose seat she occupied.

There is not a man, I am sure, would allow an elderly lady to stand, but the present female, with her golf, tennis, gymnasium, swimming, and other manly sports, is as capable of standing as the men. S. E. W.

Regent-street, W.

DOES CONSCIENTIOUSNESS PAY?

Only someone with a very limited idea of what conscientiousness really means could argue for a moment that it does not pay.

Anyone who hopes to win the good opinion and confidence of his employer—and without doing so no one can achieve anything more than ephemeral success. If success it can be called—must of necessity be conscientious.

West Derby, Liverpool. HUBERT SILWOOD.

IN MY GARDEN.

OCTOBER 12.—What a great number of plants are blooming in the garden though their day is really over! Thus one can pick several lovely sprays of phlox, while larkspurs, pyrethrums and campanulas still send up many pretty stems. Even the moon daisies of July are flowering.

So October is not such a melancholy month, after all. Indeed, when the sun lights up the falling leaves of the trees, until, touched with brightest gold, they gleam against the dark pines and yews, each skylark still seems to twitter happily, "Come into the garden." E. F. T.

HASELDEN'S CHILD'S PRIMER.



SPELLING-BOOK LESSON, No. 58 (top picture).—Ah, see the men in the train! They are very tired and sleepy. Why do they not give up their seats to the nice lady who is standing? Perhaps they do not see her. Ah, poor men, they are too exhausted! (Bottom picture).—Ah, see the lady who is coming in! The noise wakes up the exhausted men. Will they give her their seats? Yes, they will give her their seats. Why did they not wake up before when the other lady had no seat? Ah, we do not know!

into all her surroundings as far as possible. At Edenhall, the Cumberland home of her first husband, the late Sir Richard Musgrave, even the park railings were painted red.

Since he became parliamentary secretary of the Board of Education, Sir William Anson has naturally been less in close touch with the Oxford life, in which formerly he took so large a part. Public engagements make constant demands upon his leisure, and yesterday he was at Sheffield opening a new training college. Oxford undergraduates miss him, for he was one of the most genial and gracious of Vice-Chancellors. Rather an amusing story is told bearing upon his resemblance in features to a well-known trainer of racehorses, whose stables are not far from Oxford.

An undergraduate, mistaking the Vice-Chancellor for the "High" one day for the aforesaid trainer, called a companion's attention to the supposed racing celebrity, at the same time repeating his name in unnecessarily loud tones. Sir William Anson is quick-eared, and overheard the remark. Turning round, he said, a little drily, "No, sir, I am not the gentleman you imagine. It is not my task to train racehorses to go fast, but it is unfortunately my duty at times to check the pace of

his mettle at once. The violin could be put together again, he said. He set himself to work to accomplish the task, and had the satisfaction of proving to his friend that it was well within the bounds of possibility. That violin has since then often proved itself a melodious instrument.

It would have been a curious thing had Benchill failed to see justice done to Earl De La Warr in the matter of the vote of which he was, as the Revising Barrister finds, improperly deprived, for he has done more for this pleasant little seaside town than fifty mayors and co. operations. He practically reclaimed the estate on which the town stands from swampland, and the "boom" which Benchill is enjoying is due to his enterprise. He owes his title to an accident, for he was a younger son. But his elder brother was drowned when yachting off the coast of Ireland, and it was in consequence of this fatality that on the death of his father in 1896, the present peer succeeded to the earldom. During the South African war the Earl, who may be quoted as a type of the modern, progressive peer, distinguished himself as a special war correspondent.

The pen of Mr. Hickory Wood runs readily, and a glimpse into his "Dan Leno" shows that it is

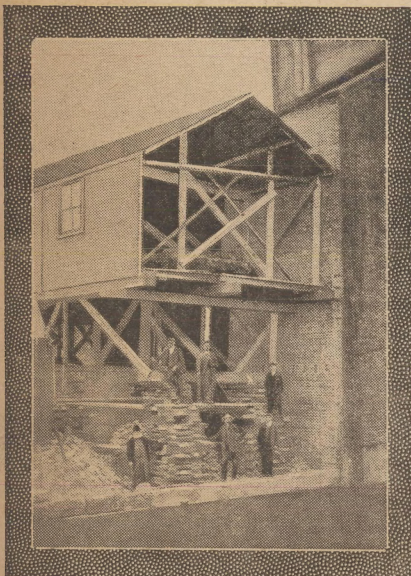
NEWS

SHOT IN THE CITY.



Mrs. Franks, who was shot in an office in Ludgate-circus, entering the Mansion House yesterday for the first time since her terrible injuries. A Hungarian, William Retz, is charged with the crime.

HOUSE ON STILTS.



This warehouse, weighing 200 tons, and situated on the bank of the River Dane, in Cheshire, has been raised 5ft. 6in., in consequence of an alarming subsidence of over four feet. The operation occupied a week, and cost £200.

MOTOR ACCIDENT.



The Dowager Lady Bute, who has just met with a motor-car accident, but has fortunately escaped without serious hurt.—(Lafayette.)

POLITICAL PRIEST.



Canon Gordon, the priest who advised all Catholics in the Barkston Ash Division to vote to-day for Mr. G. Lane Fox, the Conservative candidate.

SEEKING STAGE SINGERS.



Mr. George Edwardes will hold a special matinee, at which only chorus-girls will appear, in order to discover hidden talent.

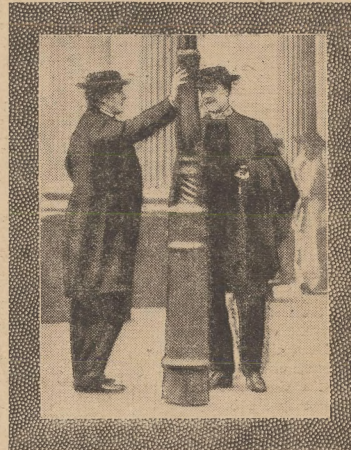
WINS GLADWIN CUP.



James Braid, the winner of the Gladwin Cup, at Cheltenham, and Mr. Fane Gladwin, who gave it.

EVENTS of the D

CLERGY AT PLAY.



Clergymen outside Drury Lane Theatre yesterday afternoon before witnessing "The Prodigal Son."



The great week's angling competition when no male competitors appeared.

LIVINGSTONE'S BOY.



Mr. Wato, now a gardener at Chislehurst, who accompanied Livingstone as his "boy" during his famous expedition in Central Africa.

FIFTY-THREE



Many people will learn with astonishment that the well-known actress, celebrates her fifty-third birthday on the first appearance at the Lyric.

CITY GARDEN ON THE ROOF OF ELECTRIC



The roof garden on the top of the new premises of the Electric Supplies Depot at Tottenham, is the finest garden on the leads, but in New York and on the Continent they are common in the most fashionable and entertainment places.

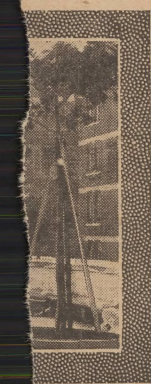
WAITING FOR A BITE.



O-DAY.



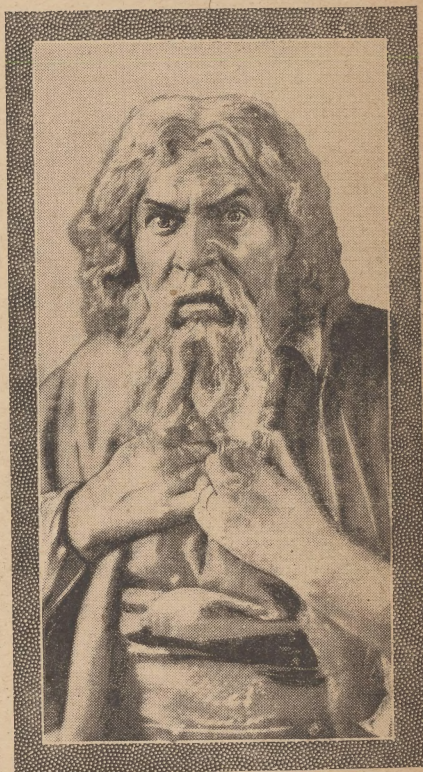
WORKS.



This is Lon-
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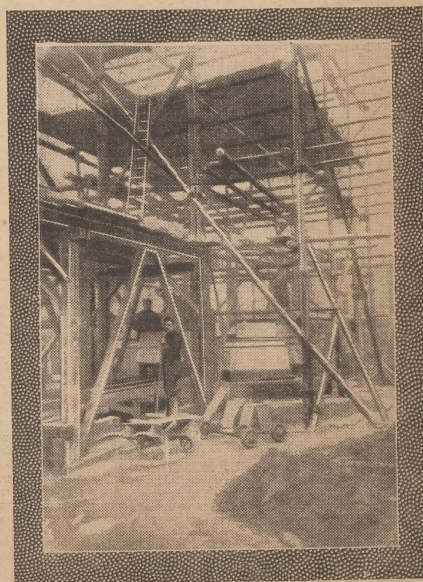
VIEWS

SHYLOCK.

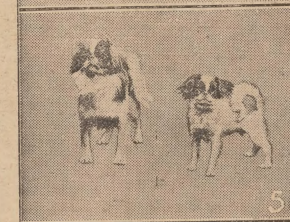
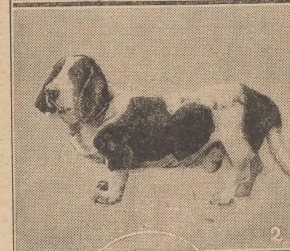


Mr. Arthur Bouchier, as Shylock, in the revival of "The Merchant of Venice" at the Garrick Theatre.—(Ellis and Walery.)

NEW GLADSTONE STATUE.



The work of preparation for the erection of Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's statue of Gladstone outside St. Clement Dane's Church in the Strand. Lord Spencer will perform the unveiling ceremony on November 4.



Prize-winners at the show at the Palace. (1) Mrs. J. Potter's Ashridge Hero; (2) Mr. White's Loo Loo Loo, Basset hound; (3) Mrs. J. Boarder's Tiny Nell, the smallest dog in the show; (4) Sir Claude Alexander's Ballochmyh Beautiful; (5) Mr. A. A. Kingdon's Denka and Hoseki; and (6) Dr. Semmence's Mischief.—(Russell.)

JOCKEY AS TRAINER.



Sam Loates, the well-known jockey, now a trainer, talking to Mr. J. Hallick, the Lambourne trainer, in the paddock at the Leicester races.

HERO OF PARIS.



Gallay, back in Paris from South America, seen (on the right) as he drove through the streets a prisoner.—("Le Journal.")

A New and Strong Painter of
Scottish Character.

ARCTIC HEROISM.

Bright, breezy, and essentially sailor-like in all respects, is Captain Scott's history of his Antarctic cruise on board the *Discovery*, published yesterday by Smith, Elder, and Co. in two portly volumes (22s.). The book is a splendid counterblast to that spirit of national pessimism which has been so common of late years. It is a record of effort and suffering which at times seem beyond the power of humanity to endure; of long spells of hunger; of cold unimaginable by those who have never travelled beyond the temperate zone; of imminence of death prolonged for days and weeks and months, and all taken with that quiet and joyful courage, that "frolic welcome" extended to danger by all true adventurers since—and before—the time of Ulysses to the present day. A most notable book, and one certain of a hearty welcome.

There has been something of a boom in Jane Austen of late, and her mild records of clerical teaparties have found favour with a generation surprised by overdoes of sensational fiction. The gifted lady's personal career was not of the most exciting, but in "Jane Austen and Her Times" (Methuen, 10s. 6d. net), Mr. G. E. Mitton has produced an eminently readable book, and a valuable contribution towards the history of an interesting period. In perusing its pages we get more than passing glimpses of many famous people, Mme. d'Arbly, Thomas Campbell, Coleridge, Crabbe, Garrick, Warren Hastings, Dr. Johnson, the Keans, the Kembles, Miss Mitford, Thomas Moore, Rogers, George the Fourth, Walter Scott, and others.

BACK TO THE SOIL.

"Garden City and Agriculture," by Thomas Adams (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., 1s.), is a little book which may be heartily recommended to all who take an interest in the social problems of the time. It is a brightly and clearly written record of a remarkable movement which has already accomplished much, and will certainly accomplish vastly more, towards the solution of the most difficult and complex of all contemporary questions—how to get the population back to the soil.

If "St. Cuthbert's of the West," by Robert E. Knowles (Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier, 6s.), be a first essay in fiction, as the absence of the title of any preceding work from the title-page would seem to imply, it may be confidently predicted that the new recruit to the ranks of our novelists will go far. "St. Cuthbert's" is mainly a study of the Scottish character as influenced—or perhaps to say less accurately, as uninfluenced—by Canadian surroundings which he the truer phrase, a Scotsman is a Scotsman, find him where one may. Nothing better has been done in the way of Scottish portraiture than the figures depicted in the story since the late George MacDonald depicted David Elginbrod, Thomas Crann, and Cosmo Cuffies. The "pic" is comparatively slight, and the wealth of quietly and quaintly humorous character and the easy flow of virile style keep the reader interested throughout.

"THE SACRED CUP."

If in "The Sacred Cup" (Duckworth and Co., 6s.), Mr. Vincent Browne has failed to rise quite to the height of excellence which, in "AM g'al na's Husband," he attained and kept with such apparent ease, at least it may be said that he is himself his only living rival in the delineation of certain types of rustic character. "The Sacred Cup" is a sombre story, and deals with the thoughts and acts of sombre people, but the character drawing is of a more than sufficiently fine nature to atone for the general darkness of the emotional scheme. Douglas and Floretta Shulmere are powerfully indicated, and the minor figures are touched in with a firm hand.

In "Sir Thomas Browne" (Macmillan, 2s.), Mr. Edmund Gosse has contributed a new volume to the "English Men of Letters" series which will take no unworthy place in that generally admirable library. Browne will never be a popular writer in the true meaning of the term, but he is read and loved by the intellectual élite, and Mr. Gosse's memoir and criticism are both excellent of their kind.

CONTEMPORARY HUMOUR.

A Westerner tells this card story. Three men played dummy whist. One of them afterward described the game: "No. 1 held five aces in his hand. No. 2 held a revolver, and I held the inequity."—"Exchange."

"Do you know anything about this note?" asked the man from the collection agency, sternly. The impetuous one looked at the paper carefully. "No," he decided, "I can't say that I ever met it."—"Cleveland Leader."

"I never thought," said the conceited lecturer, "that my voice would fill that hall." "No," replied the candid man, "I thought at one time it would empty it."—"Philadelphia Ledger."

All That a Man Hath.

By Coralle Stanton and Heath Hosken.

CHAPTER XLVI.

"And all hell's legions shrieking in my ears—Too late!"

At this point Swindover suddenly changed his tone.

"Not so fast! Not so fast, my boy!" he said in quite a conciliatory manner. "This wants a lot more thinking about. I was struck all of a heap just now, that I'd done and what I'd got out of it—just nothing at all." He seemed subdued, and spoke without his usual overbearing decision, as if he were still pondering, while he talked.

"You will have given nothing and taken nothing," put in Dick. "Let us understand each other, Mr. Swindover. We are in exactly the same position as we were before any arrangement was made between us. The castle is yours; I have hardly spent any of your money; I am not your daughter's husband."

"Not so fast," said the millionaire again. "I don't want you to clear out to-morrow, my boy. Now tell me, what does my daughter, the Countess, in the midst of fury and bitterness his ruling passion would not be grieved—what does my daughter, the Countess of what-do-you-call-it expect is going to happen?"

"She wishes it to be given out by us that there was some slight irregularity in our marriage. On appealing to a high official the whole thing can be hushed up, and our marriage annulled without any fuss."

"So that people will know that she's not your wife?"

Dick nodded.

"But they won't know that she's the wife of the Grand Duke?"

"Not at present."

"Then what do I get out of it all, that's what I want to know?"

"Mr. Swindover, do look at the matter from a reasonable point of view," said the young man impatiently. "The thing is done."

"Yes, I suppose it's no good making a fuss," said the millionaire slowly. "It's no good going against these swells. But why should I things go on as they are now for a bit?" he added, with a meaning glance at Dick. "Why should we say anything at all? Wait a bit, my boy; wait a bit! You stay where you are, and I'll stay where I am. She may get tired of being hidden away in that dead-and-alive place. I wouldn't be surprised if she came back soon enough. Yes, that's it; you stay where you are."

"It is impossible," was the stiff reply. "The castle is yours, Mr. Swindover. Our bargain is null and void. I am not the husband of your daughter."

"But if I choose you to stay in my castle as my son-in-law, that's my look out." Swindover's voice grew louder and more menacing.

There was a gleam of the old unutterable scorn in Dick's eyes.

"I do not wish to be your son-in-law, Mr. Swindover."

"Then you're going to be a beggar again! What do you live on, you fool? Sell your wedding presents—eh, what? I'll bet there's a woman in it I'll bet it's that mill we were engaged to before, the girl my son Luther's keen on. He means to have her, I can tell you so don't you make a fool of yourself. Why, the girl might as well cut her throat as marry you, a beggar, when she could have Luther."

"You will kindly refrain from speaking of this lady, Mr. Swindover," said Dick, with a ring of steel in his voice. "Your conduct in going to her behind my back and telling her of your proposal to my father was the lowest thing a man could be capable of. It was the act of a coward and a cur, and I am glad to have this opportunity of telling you so."

Swindover's face grew purple. "Oh, she told you, did she?" he cried furiously. "And you've been carrying on with her since, no doubt, while you still believed yourself to be my daughter's husband. A nice gentlemanly thing to do! I was a fool, my boy, when I wanted you. You've been the poorest bargain a man ever made. I've been cheated and robbed all round. And as to my precious daughter, that—He stopped dead, half-choking with rage. Dick's look had frozen the fool word on his lips.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said the young man sternly. "I will hear no lady insulted in my presence. I prefer to believe that it is only ignorance that prompts you to speak thus. I have told you your daughter's marriage is perfectly legal. Her position is much more exalted than if she had been my wife. The Grand Duke is devoted to her. He would undoubtedly have married her alone, if the laws of his country had permitted it."

"She would have been a Grand Duchess!" muttered Swindover thickly. "A Grand Duchess!" His coarse lips seemed to lick the word glottally.

Dick turned away disgustedly, and at the same moment the millionaire's anger blazed out again. "I don't care what you say!" he shouted. "You may tell me it's legal till you're blue in the face, but if he hadn't been a Grand Duke it would be called by a different name! And I'll have no more of her. I've done with her for ever. I disown her. D'you hear me? She's no more my daughter of mine. I'll cut her out of my will. She

(Continued on page 13.)

THE BEST BOOKS

If you will ask your bookseller to show you Messrs. METHUEN'S NEW BOOKS you will see some interesting things. Every good bookseller has a stock of their publications. Kindly ask for Messrs. METHUEN'S NEW ILLUSTRATED ANNOUNCEMENT LIST, or, if your bookseller has not a copy, write to the publishers. Messrs. METHUEN'S AUTUMN NOVELS are having an almost unprecedented success, and you should ask for them at all libraries. Nearly every novel published by Messrs. METHUEN this season has passed into a second, third, fourth, or fifth edition.

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By RANDOLPH BELFORD.

"It is long since we had a good story of Australian life. Randolph Belford strikes a new note. The book is welcome as a new light upon a new nation in the making."—Pall Mall Gazette.

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"Your detective stories, in which the detectives always detect . . . are nowhere in comparison with Miss Brooke's story of a criminal who cannot be detected even by a reviewer."—Daily Chronicle.

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"Among the best half-dozen novels of the year; full of episodes that hold the reader at breathless attention. . . . Admirably written, vivid in narrative, rich in character, pure in tone."—Punch.

SECOND IMPRESSION.

THE GAME.

By JACK LONDON, Author of "The Call of the Wild," etc.

SECOND IMPRESSION.

THE FOOL ERRANT.

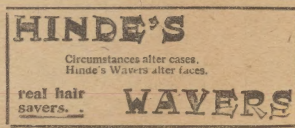
By MAURICE HEWLETT, Author of "The Queen's Quair," etc.

TWELFTH THOUSAND.

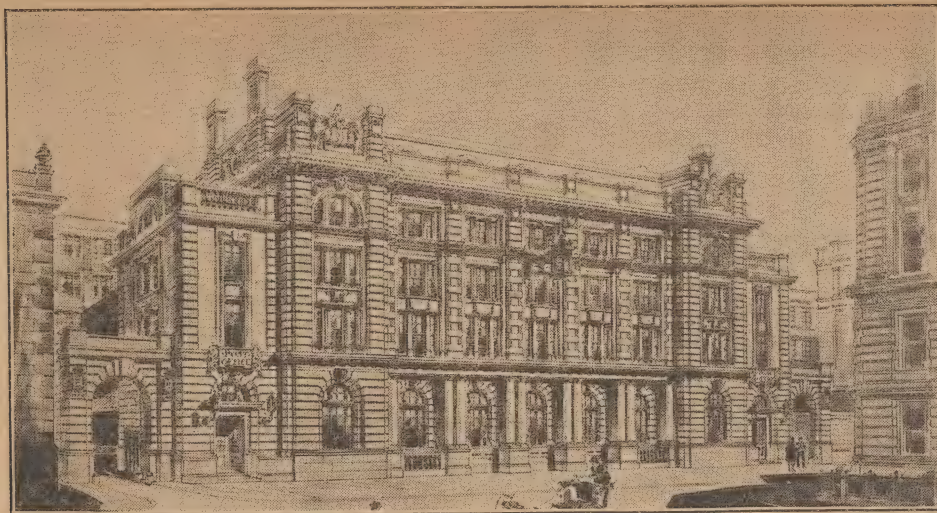
THE IMAGE IN THE SAND.

By E. F. BEN'ON, Author of "The Challengers," etc.

London: WILLIAM HEINEMANN, 21, Bedford Street W.C.



BUILDING TO BE COMMENCED BY THE KING.



The new Post Office building, on the site of Christ's Hospital, of which the King will lay the foundation-stone on Monday, as it will appear when completed.

HOTTENTOT DE WET.



Witbooi, the leader of the Hottentots in the rising against the Germans in South-West Africa, who repulsed the Germans yesterday.

WORLD'S LARGEST OCEAN LINER AT DOVER.



Sir William Grundall, Mayor of Dover, welcoming the Amerika, the largest liner afloat, which will now make Dover a port of call on her voyages between Germany and New York. On her first voyage forty-three passengers disembarked at Dover, and 143 joined the vessel.

SIDELIGHTS ON
YESTERDAY'S NEWS.

Interesting Paragraphs Concerning
Current Events.

King Edward's Building.

It is said that the new building of the Post Office on the site of Christ's Hospital will be called King Edward's Building. This would be appropriate, as King Edward VII. is to lay the foundation-stone of the building that supplants the school of King Edward VI., and King Edward-street runs down one side of the site.

A Child's Wish.

A pretty story is told in the "Gentlewoman" of a little Celtic boy who became weary while his governess was teaching him about Heaven, and said suddenly: "Oh, I'm tired of lessons, I wish you would die. Die please." The teacher, for whom the little boy had always shown the deepest affection, looked hurt, and said: "I'm rather surprised that you should wish me dead, Dougal." "Oh," said the little fellow reassuringly, "you would be quite happy; you would be in Heaven."

Football Made a Penal Offence.

Though Mr. Roosevelt's protest against the brutality of American football marks the first occasion on which a President of the United States has attempted to reform the conduct of the game, several States have at one time or another taken strong measures to accomplish this end. When in South Dakota not long ago two players were so terribly injured in a game that they died shortly afterwards as the result of their wounds, professional football was declared a penal offence. Other States

subsequently adopted similar measures. Owing, however, to some technical flaw in the laws which were passed, professional football is still played in these States.

Fasting Craze.

With Americans fads frequently develop into crazes. Several prominent men recently announced that they were going to try living on the sparest possible diet. Instantly other people who are troubled by increasing stoutness, declared themselves on the side of fasting. Now the craze has gone so far that Alderman Wuerz, member of the Kansas City Common Council, has attempted to go without food for twenty-one days. He did actually fast for six days, but then gave in and had a turtle dinner.

The Inventor of the Brougham.

Broughams, which derive their name from their inventor, the famous ancestor of the Lord Brougham with whom the King is now staying, were originally designed as a sort of anonymous carriage in which people of exalted rank could go about the town with as much privacy as needs be.

But for long they were held in little esteem by old-fashioned people, and an elderly lady of title, alluding once to the fact that Lord Salisbury—the late Marquis—possessed one, said it was a shocking thing he did not keep a carriage.

A Monarch's Jewels for Sale.

Supplies appear to have been the favourite stone of King Ludwig of Bavaria, the eccentric monarch whose jewels are to be sold at auction next week. They are to be found in nearly every article of the collection. One of the bracelets contains four panels, in which are enamels treating of Wagnerian subjects. All his life King Ludwig had a passion for the great composer and things appertaining to him.

Busy West End Shops.

That criterion of London's fullness—the "shopping lady"—has been in great evidence in the West End this week, and tradesmen are correspondingly happy. All the large drapers have decked out their windows in most alluring style, clever colour schemes in which the various shades are carefully separated and apportioned to the respective window sections predominating. Granted the weather keeps fine, tradesmen may anticipate a prosperous autumn season, though the upheaval of the streets is proving detrimental to them in some quarters.

A Thousand Freshmen.

At most of the Cambridge colleges this year the entry of freshmen shows an increase over last year, and their respective bursars are in high feather in consequence. The total number of "first year" men at Cambridge is expected to reach nearly a thousand. Every college dreads "going down" in numbers, just as much as a public school. Even the most famous have their changes of fortune, and often the yearly stream of undergraduates is diverted from one which hitherto enjoyed most popularity to another, perhaps merely because the latter has gone to the "head" of the river in the preceding term.

A British Institution

Wherever the Englishman goes he carries his bath with him, and his morning tub is familiar to the inhabitants of every country into which he has penetrated. It is a great compliment to the Englishman that his desire for personal cleanliness should be regarded as one of his chief characteristics. People understand nowadays that frequent bathing is not a fad, but a means of maintaining the body in perfect health and vigour. If the pores of the skin are stopped up by dust, dirt, or by the oil secreted by the glands, it is impossible for the various organs to do their work efficiently. If, on the other hand, the pores are kept perfectly open, there is not an organ or function of the body that is not benefited thereby.

If you want to experience bath luxury, you should have a bath with "Antexema Soap." It will draw out of your skin every bit of dust and impurity, and make you feel deliciously clean, fresh, and energetic. Cleanliness and velvety softness of the skin result from using "Antexema Soap," and adds greatly to one's good looks.

A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR

Everyone dreads getting bald, and if proof of this were wanted it would be found in the large number of advertisements for hair growers and hair restorers. It must, however, be remembered that if



"This is Refreshing."

a fraction of the trouble were taken to keep the scalp and hair healthy—that is devoted to a vain attempt to bring back hair that has gone for ever, baldness would be far less common. Nothing is better calculated to keep the hair and scalp healthy than a shampoo with "Antexema Soap." Men should have such a shampoo once a week, and women once a fortnight, but if there is dandruff, and early signs of baldness are showing themselves, the hair should be shampooed more frequently. A shampoo with "Antexema Soap" cleanses the scalp, removes dandruff, and promotes healthy hair growth.

"ANTEXEMA SOAP"

which embodies the refreshing fragrance and invigorating and antiseptic properties of the pine tree, is supplied by all Chemists and Drug Stores at 6d. per tablet, or in boxes containing three tablets for 1s. 6d. A tablet will be sent post free for 6d., or three in a box for 1s. 6d., by the Antexema Company, 83, Castle-road, London, N.W.

THE Berkeley
Easy Chair.

Dimensions:—Width of Seat, 27 ins.; Depth of Seat, 20 ins. Height of back from Seat, 29 ins.

Price 30/-

2/6 Deposit and 4/- Monthly

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If not approved of, return the Chair at our expense, and we will return your deposit in full.

Write for Samples of Tapestries.

No reduction for Cash.

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Manufacturing Upholsterers,

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WINCARNIS

THE MOST POWERFUL NERVE TONIC EXTANT.

Coleman's "Wincarnis" is winning increasing favour with the medical profession daily. The doctor likes it because he knows it never fails to do good. The nurse likes it because she can see the improvement manifested in her patient almost immediately. The patient likes it because it sends a glow of recuperation throughout the body and brain. The brain-worker approves of its use because it prevents the ravages of overwork, strengthens the nerves, invigorates the faculties, and enables the energetic to think well, eat well, work well, and sleep well. This is the essence of a healthy life, and it is yours for the asking. Kindly fill in the Coupon, and we will send you a sample bottle free of charge.

Over 8,000 Medical Testimonials.

The proprietors have received considerably over 8,000 letters from members of the medical profession testifying to the genuine restorative properties of "Wincarnis." No other remedy can claim such an amount of evidence as to sterling merit.

Dear Sirs,
I regularly prescribe your "Wincarnis" to my patients, and am glad to say that it is an A1 pick-me-up for invalids.—Yours, &c.,
H. H. P., M.R.C.S.

Coleman's "Wincarnis" is sold by Wine Merchants, and all Grocers and Chemists holding a wine licence, but should any difficulty arise in obtaining it kindly write to the Proprietors, and they will give you the address of the nearest agents.

SIGN THIS COUPON

TO OBTAIN "WINCARNIS" FREE OF CHARGE.

(Send to Coleman's, Ltd., Wincarnis works, Norwich.)

NAME _____
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CITY _____
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NOTE.—Any applicant is entitled to one free sample bottle of "Wincarnis," provided three penny stamps are sent in with this coupon. The stamps pay the cost of carriage, but no charge whatever is made for the bottle of wine. Address to Coleman & Co., Ltd., Wincarnis Works, Norwich, marking envelope "Coupon."

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No other sauce has attained the perfection of Hoe's. Years have established its reputation as the most delicious and appetising of all sauces.

LADIES! DO NOT FAIL

to send for design showing exact size of our NEWLY INVENTED DISTANCE VIBRATING LOCKSTITCH SEWING MACHINE, works by hand or treadle. Four



PRICE 49/6
COMPLETE WITH CABINET COVER.

The cheapest, most perfect, and easiest to learn in the market. Sent to any part of the country on easy terms. 11 monthly payments of 5s per month. Design post free.

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Chief Office: 51, RYE LANE, PECKHAM, LONDON, S.E., and Branches.



NEURALGIA.

The sure and safe cure is

ZOX.

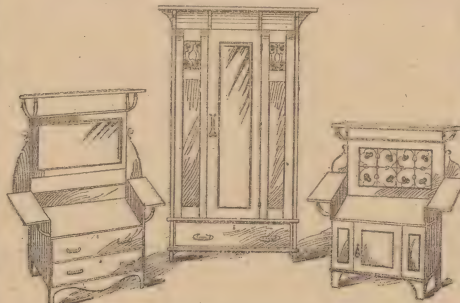
Do not suffer pain and agonising torture from Neuralgia, Headache, or Toothache. Every minute of pain is self-inflicted torture when ZOX will remove it at once. Let us send you two sample powders free.

Mention "Daily Mirror," and send stamped addressed envelope, and two Free Samples will be sent you. ZOX Powders, from Chemists, Grocers, etc., 1s and 2s, 6d a box; post free from THE ZOX CO., 11, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

MIDLAND FURNISHING CO.

69, 71, 73, 75, and 77, JUDD STREET, KING'S CROSS.

The most central position in London. Judd-street is opposite St. Pancras Station. Business hours: 9 till 8; Saturdays 9 till 6; Thursdays we do NOT close early.



FURNISH ON EASY TERMS.

WORKS.	PER WEEK.
£10	6 0
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Any amount pro rata.

NO Extra Charges.

NO Added Interest.

OAK BEDROOM SUITE, comprising 3ft 6in. Wardrobe, with bevelled glass door and drawer base; 3ft 6in. Sunk Centre Dressing Table, with glass attached and drawers beneath; Sunk Centre Marble-top and Tiled-back Wash-stand, with cupboard below, and rails fixed, and 2 Rush-seat Chairs. Price £7 : 17 : 6

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Autumn Guide and Catalogue Free (mention "Daily Mirror").

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GREAT NATIONAL FURNISHING CO.,

225 & 225, WHITECHAPEL ROAD, E.

THE LARGEST AND CHEAPEST EASY PAYMENT FURNISHERS IN THE WORLD.

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SEND AT ONCE FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE. IT WILL SAVE YOU POUNDS.

TERMS FOR THE WORKING MAN.

£2 worth	These reading is 6d. weekly or monthly.
£5	in London only
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Carriage free up to 600 miles.

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FOR CASH.



Full-size Black and white Bedstead, Pillows, Bed.

Boiler, and 2 Pillows. Complete, 1s. Weekly.

NO DELAY NO SECURITY. MONTHLY VALUE.

ANY ARTICLE FOR HOME USE.

1/- DEPOSIT, 1/- WEEKLY.

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GOODS SENT WHEN 1s. IS PAID.

225 & 225, WHITECHAPEL RD., LONDON, E.

105, Whitechapel-road, E.

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353 295, Harrow-road, W. (by Prince of Wales).

281, Green-street, W.

130, King-st, Hammar-smith, W.; 65, Barking-rd, E.

209 and 211, Old-street (for doors) Barking-rd, E.

114, High-st, Clapton, E.; 25, High-st, Waltham-st.

225, Hammar-smith-road, W.

105 and 107, Wandsworth-road, S.W.

11, Broadway, Mill, Wembley; 110, High-rd, Ilford.

57, London-road (by South London Music Hall).

7, York-place, Brighton.

TOOTH-ACHE CURED INSTANTLY BY BUNTER'S NERVEINE

Prevents Denny, Sore Throat, Sleepless Night, Headache.

Neuralgia Headaches and all Nerve Pains removed by BUNTER'S NERVEINE. All Chemists, Grocers, etc., 1s and 2s, 6d a box; post free from THE BUNTER CO., 11, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

A BARGAIN SALE

Now proceeding at The Bond-street Dress Agency, Limited, 47, Bond-street, London, W.1. (near Grosvenor Gardens, etc., etc., to last during the whole month of October. All offers authorized.—95, New Bond-street, London, W.1.

FASHIONS FOR CHILDREN—TWO PRETTY PELISSES SKETCHED AND DESCRIBED.

VELVET IN THE NURSERY.

FABRICS AND TRIMMINGS FOR AUTUMN WEAR.

The little denizens of the nursery are enjoying with their mothers and elder sisters the delightful decree of fashion that velvet and velveteen are to be modish materials this winter. Nothing makes a cosier nor more becoming pelisse for a small child's outdoor wear during the winter months than velvet, particularly when it is trimmed with some such suitable fur as ermine, miniver, or white fox. In the picture on this page is shown an olive-green velvet pelisse decked with ermine, which fur forms not only the stole but the muff and cap that complete the suit.

Scheme for Charming Models.

Another favourite fabric at this moment for autumn outdoor coats for little girls is satin of a rather stout calibre. It looks particularly well mingled with taffetas in the form of kilts, frills, and also with embroidery embellishments, and, as the present-day mother is an adept at the art of embroidery, numbers of the little coats that are being seen this autumn are beautified by delicate and attractive handwork.

In the picture already referred to a little golden brown satin coat is shown, with kiltings of taffetas a shade darker, and a collar and cuffs of satin embroidered by hand in all the prettiest Watteau shades of silk, such as mauve, blue, pink, and cream. The dainty little cap matches, and is tied with pale brown ribbons beneath the left ear.

The guimpe is more than ever an important item in the little girl's wardrobe; all the best and most modish frocks are fashioned so that a quaint looking little yoke and undersleeve effect can be added in an instant. Those that are made by hand are the prettiest, and many mothers have made their fancy-work cleverness take the form of embroidering the yoke and lower sleeve portions after the best manner of the English, French, and Italian embroideries.

School-room frocks are always simply made, and

materials are chosen so that they will stand a great deal of wear and knocking about. Serge is the favourite material for the purpose, and there are hair-lined materials, shaded stripes, tiny checks and unobtrusive plaids in the woollen materials that are very pretty.

On simple little frocks the use of velvet ribbons is very popular. Soft and faint pastel shades are chosen for the fabrics of better frocks, and the velvet ribbons used match the fabric exactly. Very pretty sashes are made of strands of comparatively narrow ribbon, rather than a single broad one, which are firmly tacked in place round the waistline. All the new frocks for small girls fasten at the back.



JANET MURRAY. 1905.

Pretty coats for little girls, made of velvet and satin, with trimmings of fur and embroidery.

AN EMERGENCY SWEET.

When there is not time to bake a pudding try the following:—Put a sufficient quantity of cold boiled rice over the fire, with sweet milk to cover it well. Beat up some eggs in the proportion of one egg to each cup of rice, and stir in sugar to sweeten it to taste. When the milk and rice boil, add the egg mixture, a little at a time, stirring it in well. When all the ingredients are incorporated and the eggs are cooked, take the pudding from the fire, flavour it with nutmeg and serve the sweet with cream.



No. 178.—A useful morning shirt, to be made of silk or flannel. Four yards of single width material will be required to suit this model. Flat paper-pattern, 6d., or tacked up, including flat, 1s. 3d. Apply to Managers, "Daily Mirror," Carmelite Paper Pattern Department, 2, Carmelite House, E.C.

Insuring Against Loss of Hair.

There is a saying, oft repeated, that "Opportunity knocks only once at one's door, and is then for ever gone." This saying was never truer than it is to-day. The world is looking for young men and women—that is, youthful-looking men and women.

Youth carries Energy.

push and determination, which give preponderance over the conservatism of old, or old-looking, people. Youth is expected to achieve results. The opportunity to acquire this youthful appearance now knocks at your door.

The most important factor to youthful appearance is surely the hair, its volume, health, and absence of greyness. Let us quote

Mr. Geo. R. Sims

in his interview with the Editor of the "Daily Mail" in reference to his discovery of "Tatcho," the great hair grower. "... the thinning out was sufficiently marked to set me thinking out a remedy. I went to two specialists, both of whom cheerfully assured me that I should be absolutely bald in two years. Then I discovered the preparation which has now been placed upon the market. That is to say, I was told something, and by careful tests and experiments I found that I had hit upon a remedy capable of working wonders.

Look at my Hair now! Look at the Colour!

Isn't that convincing evidence of the value of "Tatcho"? You are, by using

Tatcho,

Insuring Against Loss of Hair,

greyness or actual baldness. A touch of "Tatcho" occasionally is all that is required. "Tatcho" is not a remedy for the rich only. The institution of the system by which the public are able to obtain, carriage paid, a

4/6 Trial Bottle of "Tatcho" for 1/10

has brought "Tatcho" to a level with other necessities of life. This system was instituted and is being continued solely to educate the people to the value of Mr. Geo. R. Sims's discovery. Each user being a living testimony to the powers of "Tatcho," a hundred thousand users are of infinitely greater service in securing an enduring reputation than a hundred thousand pounds spent in the orthodox methods of Press publicity.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON,

and send with P.O. or stamps for 1/10 to the Chief Chemist, "Tatcho" Laboratories, Kingsway, London. By return you will receive a full size 4/6 trial bottle of "TATCHO," Carr. Paid. "D. M."



CONSUMPTION is no longer hopeless. Modern knowledge indicates that if the system can be nourished fast enough the consumption must cease or at least be sufficiently checked to save the life of the sufferer. But how can this be done? With Scott's Emulsion of cod liver oil and the hypophosphites of lime and soda, which supplies the whole body (and especially the lung tissues) with an abundance of nourishment and rapidly builds up the tissue until it is once more resistant to disease.

Scott's Emulsion

can do this because it is prepared according to the original unique Scott process which alone, by removing the natural indigestibility from the plain cod liver oil, makes the whole of the nutrient contained in it available for the weakest digestion. No other process, no other emulsion does this.



ALWAYS GET THE EMULSION WITH THIS MARK—THE FISH—THE TRADE MARK OF THE SCOTT BROTHERS.

Free trial bottle (for testing taste and digestibility) and "The Good-Time Garden" sent on receipt of postage (4d.). Mention this paper. SCOTT & BOWNE, Ltd., 10-11 Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.

ALL THAT A MAN HATH.

(Continued from page 10.)

can play her own game. Not a penny-piece will she get from me. I darestay her Grand Duke's a pauper and is counting on Sam Swindover's money. Well, he'll find out his mistake, and jolly quick, too! I'll take a girl out of the street and adopt her, and make her the richest girl in the world, and I'll marry her to a duke, and she shall turn up her nose at Fay. I'll never hear her name again. She's dead. I don't know her. I've never had a daughter!"

"You don't know what you are talking about, Mr. Swindover. Control yourself. You will be ill. You are saying things that you will regret, bitterly regret."

Swindover looked up. Again his voice took on that slow and almost hesitating tone, as if all the time he were thinking of something else.

"Do nothing for a week," he said. "Promise me. It ain't much to ask. Don't let 'em know that you're not her husband, and don't leave the castle for a week."

Dick also spoke slowly and with hesitation; but he granted the request.

"Very well," he said. "For my father's sake, I will do as you ask. If I were alone, I would leave the castle to-night."

"Good-morning, Mr. Swindover," he said, as the millionaire remained silent. "I will communicate with you when I have news."

Dick walked to the door. He was startled, as he turned the handle, by the dreadful noise that sounded like a maddened bull rushing blindly to gore and lacerate all those who came in its way.

"There'll be nothing but ruined men in London next week," he cried. "Nothing but ruined men!" Dick went out and closed the door hurriedly after him. The hideous, merciless laughter followed him and made him feel sick.

By noon he was speeding towards Stoke Magnus, covering the interminable distance that separates every lover from his beloved.

had just come in. The maid lit the lamps in the drawing-room after she had sent word up to her mistress.

Sabra came down in a moment. She still wore her hat—a large velvet affair with sweeping plumes, the style that suited her best. She had evidently been attending some function. She wore a gown of plain white cloth that fitted close to her beautiful figure, a great knot of old lace and violets was on her breast.

He did not seek to prepare her for what he had to say—he was far too eager? But his eyes flamed at her across the room, so that she hesitated a moment near the door.

In a couple of strides he was by her side. He had seized both her hands and held them to his breast. Held them close, while his own strong fingers trembled.

"Sabra, I have news. Such news!" "Dick, what is it?" Her voice was low, vibrating, she swayed a little; her face was deathly white, as if she were faint.

"I have come back to you, darling," he said, in low, rapid tones. "There is nothing between us now."

"Nothing—between—us—now?" "She was never my wife, Sabra. She was married before to another man."

"Never your wife! Then you are free?"

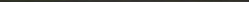
"I am free, my love. And everything can go—castle and money and everything. You will be mine. You are mine. Oh, my love! My love!"

He drew her into his arms, and their lips met. He crushed her violets, and to the end of his life he remembered the scent of them as she nestled in his arms, with a great sigh, in delicious surrender.

"Oh, Dick! Can it be true? It is too good!" And suddenly she had torn herself away, with a terrible cry. He looked into her face, sheer terror was stamped on it. Her voice was harsh and shrill.

"What am I saying?" she cried. "What am I doing?" "Oh, what have I done? Dick, you are free—but I am not. I can never be your wife. I have sworn—on my word of honour, that I will never marry any man. Oh, what have I done?" Her voice trailed off into a wail of anguish. "What have I done?"

(To be continued.)



I WANT TO BUY

Anything? A Small Advertisement in the "Daily Mirror" will bring you offers from all parts of the country. Try one.

DAILY BARGAINS.

Dress.
A.A.A.A.A.A.—21s. Boots for 6s. 4d.—For crossed postal order, value 6s. 4d., we forward, carriage paid, one pair Ladies' or Gents' extra large black and white. London and Ends boots, one pair warranted—very latest style, easy fitting, even, elegant, and comfortable. London and Ends boots, size black or dark tan (latest shape), boots or shoes button, lace, or Derby lace, pointed, medium, or extra toes. None warranted instantly if not approved. Remit 5s. 4d., straight away, you will be refunded at once. Manufacturers of beautiful durable footwear by appointment to London and West End aristocracy for many years. Established 1801. Every purchase means life customer. Postal orders must be crossed, and don't forget size. Illustrated Catalogue Free.—The Times Boot Co., 23, Camberwell Rd., London.

A.A.—Suits, 34s.; Overcoats, 30s.; 42s. monthly.—Wittam, 231, Old St., E.C.

A.—Free dainty sample Handkerchief, with illustrated lists; send stamp.—British Linen Co., Oxford St., London.

A.—Why not buy the famous Rochester Serges and Tweeds direct? Patterns free.—The Rochester Dress Warehouse 240, The Binks, Rochester.

A Bargain.—Elegant fur long black carcel Duchesse Stole; fashionable broad shoulders; beautifully rich, curly handsome Muff matching, perfectly new; accept 12s. 6d.; approval.—Amy, Pools 30, Fleet St., E.C.

A Ebon to all—Fashionable Suits and Overcoats, 10s. monthly.—Smith and Adams, 26, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

A Fashionable Suit or Overcoat to measure on improved system, 10s. monthly; fit guaranteed.—Adams 184, Strand, opposite New Gallery.

BABY'S COMPLETE-OUTFIT 68 articles 21s.; exquisitely made; Robes, etc.; approval.—Call or write, Raro Scott, 261, Unbridged (Private house), near Army Arms, Shepherd's Bush.

BARGAIN.—Warmfoot Hosiery for winter wear; comfort and durability; two sample pair, 1s. 3d.; postage 2d.—John Harris and Co., 172, Old St., City.

"BEATALL," 1s. 3d. white remnant parcels; damask, chamber, linen, longcloths, diapers.—"Beatall," Rusbden.

BEAUTIFUL Baby Long Clothes; sets of 50 articles 21s.; bargain of hosiery; approval.—Max, 12, The Chase, Nottingham.

BLOUSES for autumn wear; latest designs; manufacturers' stock; 200 to be cleared, at 2s. 6d.; each; send postal order; state colour and size required.—Manchester Warehouse Co., York Pl., Leeds.

BOOTS on Credit.—Ladies' 6s. 6d.; Gents' 10s. 6d.; Overcoats 21s.; good business Suits, 20s. 6d.; Tailor-made Suits, 25s.; Jackets, Mantles, Waterproofs, and Drapery delivered on small deposit; patterns and American self-measurement forms post free; perfect fit guaranteed; of extra terms and quickest delivery.—Write Dept. No. 328, A. Thomas, 317, Upper St., Islington, London.

EXTRAORDINARY Value.—Dress Skirts, lined throughout, in black and navy serge, fancy tweeds, etc.; 4s. 11d. each, made to measure.—Write for patterns of materials to J. J. and Son, Hove, Brighton.

FORTY Shilling Suit for 10s. 6d.—A Great Tailoring Offer. "Dear Sir,—To enable you to understand that England is not behindhand in commercial enterprise, we have decided to advertise this wonderful Gentleman's Tweed pattern and measure yourself; this offer may cost you a little more, but it will save you a great deal more. We are here to assist your wants, and our prices are an eye-opener to the world. You write us. We will do it. If you have no stamp at home post it without; we like to hear from you.—Your faithfully J. J. and Son, Hove, Brighton. Trust (Dept. D), 18 and 20, Oxford St., next door Oxford House Hall, London, W."

FURS.—Ladies' magnificent new Alexandra Dagmar necklet and muff; beautiful Russian sable hair fox collar; rich lustrous long Alexandra Dagmar hair fox Muff to match; never worn; 12s. 6d.; approval by post. Miss Eva, Exton House, Exeter Street Hill, London.

FURS.—Long Russian sable hair Stole and Muff to match; only 10s. 6d.; approval.—Nina, 17, Balmhall Hill, Surrey.

FURS.—Real Japan Mink Stole; 60 inches long; 4 bushy tails; bargain; 6s. 6d.; approval.—E. S., 4, Thornhill St., Barnsbury, London, N.

HAVE you ever tried Wykeville Fabrics?—Send now for patterns (post free); skirts, dresses, costumes, etc., made from such, look smart, wear well, cut like—Latta Latta and Co. (Dept. 327), Army, Leeds.

LADIES' handkerchiefs, assorted, from 1s. 1d.—Myatt, 12, Easton St., Haverhill, Nottingham.

LADIES only 2s. 6d., need be sent with your order for Ladies' 2s. 6d.; Jackets, General Drapery, Boots, Water proofs, etc.; perfect fit guaranteed; patterns and self-measurement chart post free.—Write Dept. 233, A. Thomas, 317, Upper St., Islington, London, N.

LADY has for disposal lovely second-hand day and Evening Gowns; stamp for list.—Lyon, 91, Harrington Rd., London, N. Mention paper.

ONE Shilling Wholes.—Clothing to measure below shop prices. Cheapest prices for Ladies' Jackets, Boots, good business suits from 37s. 6d.; Ladies' Jackets, Boots, good business suits from 37s. 6d.; Ladies' Jackets, Boots, good business suits from 37s. 6d.; delivered on small deposit; patterns and American self-measurement forms post free; perfect fit guaranteed; of extra terms and quickest delivery.—Write Dept. 116, A. Thomas, 317, Upper St., Islington, London, N.

OVERCOATS from 21s., suits from 2s. 6d., delivered on small deposit; patterns and American self-measurement forms post free; perfect fit guaranteed; of extra terms and quickest delivery.—Write Dept. 116, A. Thomas, 317, Upper St., Islington, London, N.

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